TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A recent article in the *New England Magazine* had recalled to my mind the power and purity of the old-time town meeting, just as the incident in East York on Saturday last afforded an example of the depths to which its modern successor has fallen. The democracy of America was born in the town meetings of New England, where, in 1633, Dorchester held the first gathering which chose twelve selectmen to manage affairs. Afterwards the functions of selection and of government were separated and the town council and town meeting ceased to be identical. The primaries and the caucus have followed the original democratic institution. Instead of the citizens gathering together to select representatives who are to govern, and continuing to meet at intervals with the selectmen and raise their voices in advice or protest as in the old town meeting, we now have bodies which as soon as they are chosen ignore the wishes of those who gave them power, or worse still conspire with corporations and political parties to rob and oppress the citizens. With this phase we are too familiar to need either illustration or proof. It is of the primaries and advisory meetings I wish to speak.

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"Once upon a time," we say in fairy tales and recitals of the long ago, and it would almost be suitable as the beginning of an article on pure primaries. As the result of the early democratic impulse of this continent the primary and the convention were clean and representative. Canada got the idea from New England and we have debased it almost as rapidly as those whose heritage it is. In early days every man felt in duty bound to attend the town meeting and there to learn if he could not advise. Now we have to drum up a quorum at the primaries if no individual ambition is seeking to use them in order to control the delegates to an approaching convention. Call a meeting in any sub division of a ward in order to nominate delegates and your primary convention—or "primary" as it is called in the States—will be a gathering of the president and secretary of the district and a half-dozen neighbors who happen in or are induced to "go along." This outfit nominates delegates if the party is in the minority, and the candidate to be put in the field has no chance to win, but if nomination means election how different things are! The primaries are crowded by the hustlers for each candidate, no effort is spared to pack the meeting and thence to "load up" the convention the right way. This is not unnatural, but where are the citizens who care nothing for the personal ambition of the aspirants but simply desire good government and honest representatives? They are at home; they have not been notified by their party manager, or disgusted by previous experiences prefer to stay away. This apathy, this neglect of duty, this degeneracy of the primary and consequent debasement of the convention particularly in urban constituencies makes it possible for any "forehanded" aspirant who has means and energy to capture a nomination despite his most conspicuous unfitness or the eminent capacity of his opponents who have not fixed things. Of course party loyalty often prevents such bad nominations as are generally felt can result only in defeat, but E. A. Macdonald gave us an example of how even such a consideration can be rudely pushed aside. Moreover such conduct on the part of a clever and aggressive aspirant is more frequently the road to success than modesty and a loyal waiting for the day to come when worth shall be sent for and crowned. Of Ald. Macdonald I have no desire to speak evil. His methods have not been such as to commend themselves to those who believe that public office should be awarded to merit, not seized by impudence, yet an occasional manifestation of political sagacity, his unfaltering belief in himself, the bronze invulnerability of his assurance and the energy and courage of his egotism have excited a certain admiration which in course of time often overcomes the disgust which a political bully naturally excites. Our public men are so lacking in fighting qualities that the people are willing to forgive much in those who prove themselves able to take their own part, even if at the same time they take every other desirable thing within reach. Rykert of Lincoln is an example of this sort of thing, and the fact that he has been in Parliament so long and has shown himself so morally unfit, is an encouragement for those leather-lunged and brazen-faced aspirants whose feelings cannot be reached and whose honor cannot be touched—or sometimes cannot even be found.

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That a meeting like the alleged East York convention could be called and controlled by a few Toronto hustlers, proves how meaningless the ordinary political nomination may be. Where such men as Alfred Boultbee and E. A. Macdonald have not taken a hand in politics, the nominating convention still retains some of its old power, but subserviency to party has robbed the deliberations of the delegates of the pure patriotism and moral force of the old town meeting. How is this state of things to be remedied? In the first place every man who cares what becomes of the country should attend the primaries; if he is not invited it is still his duty to go and take a hand so long as government by party exists. He is not forcing himself on anybody, he is doing his duty, and if he knows that the "machine" is doing or intends doing an improper thing he should organize his friends to resist it. While it is the duty of the citizen to force himself into the councils of his party, it is not proper for him to insist upon being a candidate or to demand that position for another unless he is better fitted for it than his opponent. It is his duty to sit upon such men as take improper means to secure a nomination, some of them going so far as to hire men to become delegates and to place their own employes as door-keepers and bulldozers. Such a convention is a deadly blow at representative institutions, for it is not enough that the electors have an opportunity of punishing such candidates on election day, they should be punished for their interference with what has become a part of our system of selection. A man who tries to defeat the will of the people in a convention is as dangerous as the one who makes the same attempt in the depositing or counting of the ballots on election day, and the one guilty of the former act is certainly the sort of person who will have no scruples in the second instance. If it is an offence against the community to try to improperly defeat a principle or a law, it is no less an offence to endeavor to displace a man who is the people's choice; as it is a political crime to try to force an undesirable law upon the people, so it is an equally wrong thing to attempt to foist an undesirable man into public place.

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The advisory town meeting, thank Heaven, is still clear, though not always well attended. An excellent example of such a meeting, and a successful one, was to be found in Shaftesbury Hall, when a large and representative gathering endorsed the viaduct scheme of the Citizens' Committee. Such meetings are evidence that if the political machines had not excluded the best sections of the political parties from the primaries and conventions, by neglecting to invite them or looking coldly upon them as intruders lest they interfere with the work of the hustlers who have a scheme on, the full meaning of the nominating convention would be carried out. Reform in this direction has been instituted in Boston, where the Republicans of Ward 11 have done away with the half hour's hurry and confusion which was the length and character of the caucus which was intended to do no more than formally endorse the pre-primary decrees of selfish schemers. Such din and uproar made the average citizen feel utterly helpless in a primary and so disgusted him with his ineffectual part that he staid away. The scheme in Ward 11 is this: Every man shall be nominated who is recommended by a certain small number of voters; the ward-room shall be open for voters for six hours of the afternoon and evening; the ward committee shall submit no ticket of its own. This sort of nominating caucus affords every chance of deliberation and choice, and if preceded by the advisory mass meeting would be certain to evolve better results than the present system, which is apt to be but the tool of schemers. The busiest citizens—the workingmen—would vote in such a caucus, and business men would not be ashamed to take part, as they often are, because of the queer company in which they find themselves.

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The action of the City Council in ratifying the Don agreement with the C. P. R. was indefensible. The Citizens' Association had protested against the agreement and had asked that the matter be delayed. The C. P. R. used as a pretext that but a week remained in which to fight the city bill before the Dominion Parliament and that unless the agreement were ratified they would be in a difficult position. Mr. D. E. Thompson, the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Association, pointed out to the City Council that no harm could be done by withdrawing the bill for this session, as in the first instance it was little more than a stop-gap made necessary by the haste of the C. P. R. to force the Esplanade matter through parliament. A general committee meeting of the Citizens' Association was held on Monday afternoon. The three committees of the association were represented there and for intelligence and honesty of purpose that gathering of business men would compare quite favorably with the City Council. It was unanimously resolved that the Don agreement should not be ratified without several important amendments, and indeed it was felt that it should not be ratified at all until the whole Esplanade matter was at the same time settled. It was pointed out that the railroad had laid its tracks across the public streets and planked the crossings, though the iron was not put in position connecting these fragments. It is plain that the railroad simply desired to obtain possession. The moment the Don agreement is put through, the C. P. R. has access to the Esplanade, and in forty-eight hours will be running over their Esplanade tracks. The difficulty in dealing with the Grand Trunk is in its possession of the Esplanade. It is notoriously more difficult to get a man out of the saddle than to prevent him getting in. It was in the power of the City Council to keep the Canadian Pacific off the Esplanade for an indefinite period—indeed, until the whole matter was settled. But this power they did not use. In the face of the protests of the Citizens' Association, which has a membership of hundreds of our leading citizens, it railroaded the scheme through, ignoring the joint committee of the Association, the Board of Trade and the Trades and Labor Council and the aldermen to which such matters had been referred. The members of the Citizens' Association are not looking for honors nor are they punctilious as to courtesy, but it was certainly an unnecessary rudeness for the City Council to ignore the joint committee and Mr. Thompson's letter written in reply to a communication from the Mayor inviting objections to the ratification of the scheme and to pass over the protest of the association voiced by Mr. Galt, its secretary, acting under the instructions of the general committee. Why should there have been such haste, haste which was neither decent nor necessary? If the City Council had refused to sign the agreement what evil thing could have happened? In what way could the city have suffered? We gained nothing by the agreement with the railway which the Railway Committee of the Privy Council would not have granted us. Every plea for our distinctive rights was ignored. The whole thing was not an agreement, but a memorandum of the Canadian Pacific's demands and those concessions which under any circumstances they would have been forced to make. Take this as an example of this great victory of our City Council over the C. P. R.:

"Until arrangements have been made for the construction of a high level bridge at King street and Eastern avenue crossing, the company shall protect the said crossings with gates and watchmen as above mentioned, and to avoid the dangers incident to a level crossing of King street by said tracks, *the company agrees not to oppose the construction by the city of a high level bridge* across the Don improvement at that point, such bridge to be constructed by the city, and the company to contribute towards the cost of the construction and maintenance thereof in such proportion as the Railway Committee of the Privy Council may determine.

"*The public to have the right to cross* all tracks on the improvement at eight points between Winchester street bridge and Eastern avenue, such points to be designated by the City Council."

You will notice that the city is "to have the privilege" of building the bridge to overcome the obstruction to the street traffic which will be caused by the C. P. R. If this is not nerve I never saw any. To save expense the C. P. R. obtains the right to go down the western bank of the Don and puts the city to the expense of building the bridge over their crossing, promising merely to contribute a proportion of the cost. Mr. R. W. Elliot, at the meeting of the Citizens' Association, said the County of York had some time ago obtained figures as to the country traffic which crossed at that point, aggregating one hundred and eighty thousand teams per annum. Everyone who knows that section is well aware that there is an already ceaseless and rapidly increasing tide of traffic through which the C.P.R. by this jug-handled agreement is permitted to cut with no protection to the public except the gates, which, while they may prevent loss of life, will insure an enormous loss of time to both pedestrians and vehicles. Yet, forsooth this, beautiful agreement stipulates that the C. P. R. Company "will not oppose" the construction of an overhead bridge "by the city," and the clause following it, in this agreement which the Council was in such haste to ratify, stipulates that "the public are to have the right to cross all tracks, etc." This is good. The public are to have the right to cross the improvement which they built at their own expense! Space does not permit an exposition of the absurdities of the agreement, an agreement in which the railway company was not careful even by smooth phraseology to conceal its contempt of the rights of the citizens. The whole thing is written as if the C. P. R. owned the city and were graciously granting privileges to the citizens. Those who engineered this snap scheme through the Council deserve nothing but the severest condemnation, and its few half hearted opponents deserve but little praise. It is understood that the Mayor, absent from the meeting through illness, is unprepared to sign the skin agreement until the citizens have had further time to consider and point out its defects. Why sign any agreement which gives us nothing but a portion of what is obviously ours? The thing before us is not even a compromise—it is a surrender! Tear it up.

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Tuesday's debate on the various bills, relating to Separate Schools, now before the legislature was interestingly unprofitable. No one present was open to conviction, and as to its use as campaign literature I doubt if the electors will be found in a much more receptive mood. Boiled down the legislative wrangle means, if it means anything, that the Opposition are in favor of the abolition of Separate Schools, or at least such supervision of them that modern and progressive methods shall take the place of priestcraft — and this means the same thing—for if the Separate Schools were useless as a means of retaining ecclesiastical rule they would be at once abandoned. The Government party on the other hand are pretending to protect the individual Catholics while undeniably doing the work of the hierarchy. If the Opposition bills are so far behind the present laws in regard to the protection of the Catholic citizen why does the Church through its mouthpiece, Hon. Mr. Fraser, so bitterly oppose them? Why does he taunt the Opposition with being Orange fanatics, if he has assisted in placing still more stringent laws on the statute books? It makes one tired and sick to listen to such an oratorical east wind. If at the next election the electors divide on the merits of the case and vote as their best judgment and impulses suggest and not as their party prejudices lead, they will take Mr. Meredith's view of the case.

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Utterly regardless of the feelings of those who have long suffered from the presence of a skeleton in their closet, the local papers are parading a scandal of unusually "fine, racy flavor." The scandal is a choice one from the sensational point of view, because it involves the extreme opposites of local society. The foolish and dissipated son of an honorable and wealthy citizen having some eight years ago married the belle of Toronto's scarlet women, he repented as men always do who commit such follies, abandoned her, obtained a divorce, began a better life, married a good girl, became a father, was reconciled to his parents and seemed likely to bury his past. Seldom can wild oats be ploughed under, they sprout and spring up though buried deep in remorseful years. Sometimes it seems to me as if the very tears shed over these bitter weeds water their withered roots and make them thrive and grow tall and hideous where every reproachful eye can see them. So 'twas with the wild oats of this wayward lad and now they nod over the walls in the face of his loved and lovely mother whose hairs have been whitened by the follies of her son. When she watched over the baby and called his father to join her in planning the future which was to be so bright and noble, were planted the adoring hopes which grew with his growth, were withered by his folly and uprooted from a broken heart by his degradation. If there be good in the publication of such scandals it lies in the lesson young men may learn that father and mother know best, that while wayward youths read they may learn the way of every transgressor is hard, but the road of the social outcast, either male or female, is hell itself. Sympathy in the present instance does not go out to the woman—perhaps you may say it never does. It always does from those with hearts and a knowledge of the world, unless the vices of the sinner are those of greed and her methods those which spare neither the innocent nor the unfortunate. We newspaper people perforce, perhaps you may say by choice—but people are seldom enamored of that which is thrust upon them—know much of the seamy side of life. For many years—I say "many," because in number sometimes we can alone rest our claim when the reviewed experience weighs out so worthless, so unprofitable, yet by its variety and adventure it seems to cover so much of what in boyhood we had hoped to see and hear—for many years I did such journalistic work while a reporter and night man on the daily press as made me familiar with the gas-light effects of gilded and ungilded sin. Those years may not fit me to preach, but I hope they enable me occasionally to teach. All the women of the half-world are not essentially bad, but the majority of them become so degraded that the surviving spark of good never glows with redeeming beauty, save in some instances when, with a passionate longing to be really loved, and a wild, restless impulse towards a loved object, the fallen woman gathers together the fragments of her sweetness and burns them on the altar of some irresponsive and worthless masculine beast. Such women seem to choose men so much worse than themselves, that it is still possible for them (the women) to be looked up to as the purer being. This is hard but it is true. Really bad women find playthings in lads who have not yet become hardened, but they adhere only to men who are stronger and worse than themselves. I have known a few instances where a good strong man married and reclaimed a woman of the town; in one instance, despite her record, she secured social recognition, but in only one, and in that brains, beauty, brilliancy and native goodness in fifteen years of penance only established a place on the skirts of religio-charitable upper-tendom. What that man and woman suffered no one can tell, but such lives as they led fitted them for places in Heaven where the light of God's love should always shine upon them. For good young men to attempt by marriage the restoration of fallen women is a perilous thing fraught with self-sacrifice of which few men are capable, for wild, intemperate and absolute hope to make the attempt is social and moral suicide, though the young man in the case before us saved himself by flight.

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I said that sympathy does not go out to the woman in the case under discussion, though she is said to be much better and more generous than the average of her class. The bringing to light of the old scandal, the re-opening of half-healed wounds, the publication of all the regrettable details is done for money. Had the woman loved the man she would not have married him; she does not profess to have loved him; only to have been moved by a desire to escape the old life. Had she grown to love him, had her heart been purified by her love, she would have been willing to sacrifice herself for the object of her affection? He may have been unworthy of such devotion, but in the changed woman such devotion would have been born, and recognizing his youth and inexperience, in contrast with her maturity and knowledge of the world, she would have forgiven even if she could not forget. That she is suing for money and piling up sorrow for the parents of her husband is no sign of a changed life. I said I had known but few instances where a woman of this sort was reclaimed, by this I do not desire to convey the idea that there are but few! The lines are hard, the suffering great, the sacrifice almost unendurable but I firmly believe that *not* marrying the men they loved, many, many women have expiated the sins which were less than half theirs and gone to the grave purified, uncomplaining, alone, not a hand save that of Christ and the angels of His mercy to hold the trembling fingers of the dying, or to touch the stiffening lips once polluted by the kiss of lust. Expiation with its endless miseries, ostracism with its never healing wounds, heart-break without a breast to lean upon, death without an epitaph, they are thine, oh woman unselfish enough to sin *the* sin for love's sake, unselfish enough to silently suffer, unselfish and glad enough without complaint to lie down and die! Thy name is legion and thy grave unknown.

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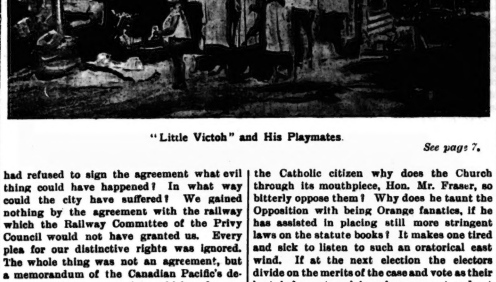
DEAR DON,—Were I rich I could spend lots of happy

A High Class House in Grantstown.
Showing Banana Trees on the left. *See page 7.*



"Little Victoh" and His Playmates. *See page 7.*

evenings, because I'd have a library. It would be cosy with warm curtains, a big chair, and a grate; it would have a fire in it, though not a stuffed bird or pictured thing, and all my friends would be there. Lord Bacon and Newton, Darwin, Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, Longfellow, and my dear countryman, Goldsmith, our immortal Tennyson, and a lot more. If you dropped in for an hour you would be welcome—very welcome. And, oh, I forgot about the piano. Maybe you might play something for me; something sweet and sad, for I like sad music best. And that would be just my idea of a right pleasant evening. It's hardly an answer to your question, but it's the "prettiest" I can think of.

U.

Your ideal is a pleasant one. I do not think one would have to be rich in order to realize it. I am not rich and yet I have a cosy little room which I call a library even though it hasn't many books in it. I have a grate and soft warm curtains painted red and a big easy chair and a few pretty things that anyone can afford if they care for them. The friends who drop in to see me are welcome, as you so kindly say I would be in your ideal study. But I haven't a piano. It is in the next room. However that does not matter, I get quite plenty of it. Since receiving your letter I have been wondering whether I like my pictures as well as I did before you told me you "would not have a stuffed bird or pictured thing" in yours. I haven't any stuffed birds, but it has always given me a great deal of pleasure when I didn't feel like reading or writing or thinking to look at some etchings of water and trees, a road skirting the shore, a river and trees silhouetted against the evening sky. There are a coupled of pictured face, too, and I like them. I cannot be as bookish as you are. Sometimes I can't bear to touch a book and when one is alone pictures often lead the mind away from disagreeable subjects through the woods or over the water into fresh fields. After all the pleasantest evenings we ever spend, evenings which have no jarring chords, of disappointment, or misunderstanding, are those we spend alone when we can think and dream and build castles in the air which always retain their stately beauty as long as the thoughtless hands and voices of others are excluded from the room. Do you know I can work myself up to a state of intense enjoyment by just thinking what a delightful time I shall have when I achieve something which I know it is utterly impossible for me to ever obtain. What matters it? One can have anything and everything on earth in one's mind and it is just as delightful to have it there as anywhere else, probably is much more enjoyable under such circumstances than in reality. Someone very recently said that "gratification is the unfortunate part of anticipation; it is so gross a fruit to spring from so pretty a flower." To have pleasant evenings alone one should not attempt to have them every night or expect to see new friends, either of the kind who come in and talk or those you put upon the book shelves. An exceedingly pleasant experience is to try to write a story or a sketch, and to fill your room with the people of your fancy. They are more real than any flesh and blood visitor you may ever have and perhaps more lovable. When they go out they won't leave cigar ashes on your carpet or slam the door. When it goes so late that you must go to bed, you can leave your cosy little room with all your people in it and you will hate to go, and until you turn out the gas and find yourself in darkness, you really won't be able to tear yourself away. And in bed when you try to go to sleep, even then your brain will be full of your new friends, just as crowded as the head of a young girl is when she comes back elated and joyous from her first ball. Write again.

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The Rev. Alexander Grant, recently the secretary of the Baptist missions in Canada, now pastor of a church in Winnipeg, has been considerably criticised by the newspapers because a few weeks ago he said in a discourse, "that he would not be surprised if at the judgment when all is revealed it was found that the churches had been instrumental in sending more people to hell than to Heaven." As a rule sweeping assertions are to be avoided, but I believe Brother Grant is right in his forecast of Judgment Day, though we might differ as to where the dead who are absent from Heaven have gone to. The churches are the organizations which preserve goodness and oppose badness. Sometimes organizations with the most pious intentions so misplace their energy and pervert their principles that evil instead of good is the result. In politics I have said something this week about the "machine." If I had space—I may take it again—I would say something about the "machine" in religion. There is no doubt that machine-made politics run this country. I am equally sure that machine-made religion has quite as prominent a place. The machine has perverted politics and politicians, and driven the best citizens out of the political parties. The machine in religion has done the same thing in the churches. Many of the noblest natures, the purest minds, have either stayed in the churches in spite of the machine or have been driven out of it. The machine politicians claim they have all the patriotism, all the purity, all the wisdom, all the stability there is in the country. The machine religionists claim all the piety, all the benevolence, all the purity, all the love of God, all the good will towards men, all the sweetness and the light, and, like the machine politicians their protestations are so far removed from their performances that outsiders—and insiders too, for that matter—feel an irresistible impulse to hide themselves in their tents, away from the simoon of their hypocrisy. I think this is what Bro. Grant meant. I am sure it is what I mean. Perhaps I feel more affectionately towards Bro. Grant, because I know him and his good deeds. I remember with affection his boyish face, his earnestness, his zeal, his absolute honesty, his hatred of hypocrisy and meanness. I remember him too because the first time I ever saw him he sat opposite to me in a carriage in the funeral procession of him who had been my partner and one of my best friends. I remember that he leaned over and asked me: "Have you found Christ?" and I equally well remember that I was rude in return, repented of it, and learned to admire the character and work of this young Baptist preacher who is known and loved all over Canada.

DON.

Social and Personal.

One more week and the forty-day fast will be over. Easter falls unusually early this year, so that many weeks must pass before the regular exodus to summer quarters is begun. Although the orthodox rules as to the observance of Lent have been generally adhered to by society, the past month has been anything but slow and uneventful. The season proper, that is the period from November to Ash Wednesday, was wanting in the sustained gaiety which has distinguished recent winters. Some weeks ago I remarked this in these columns and endeavored to give reasons for the fact. One of its results has been that Lent has not presented the contrast to the time preceding it that it usually does, and which is expected of it, so that the liveliness of the last month has been frequently commented upon. Dinners have been generally small, but very numerous; theater-parties, in spite of the want of any specially fashionable attractions at the playhouses, have been more popular than ever, while afternoons of tea and talk, and evenings of "wine, women and song" have abounded. There are all sorts of predictions as to the season which begins with Easter, and which lasts well on into June, but the general opinion seems to be that the months which many people think are the pleasantest of those they spend in town will be full of sparkling events. I hear that there will be, at least, six large dances before the end of May, while if it is true that Royalty is to be here on Dominion Day, many fashionable people who have generally flown long before that date will stay in or near town in order to welcome the Duke of Connaught on July 1. If this be so, society will have plenty of time to follow one of its most delightful diversions, namely that of picnics to such places as the Humber, and the Driving Club will forget its enforced idleness during the winter, in organizing such events. There will also be a revival of lawn-tennis, and great pressure on the space which the now numerous clubs have at their disposal, while the attendance at the earlier cricket matches is certain to be larger than in former years.

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I cannot publish my weekly chronicle of events without endeavoring to express some slight portion of the regret which those for whom I specially write feel at the death of Mr. A. J. Cattanach, and of their sympathy for Mrs. Cattanach. The most thoughtful and kindly of hosts, Mr. Cattanach's well-known house on St. George street has for many years been the scene of constant and graceful hospitality that will long be remembered. The deceased was a figure in Toronto society of which it is hard to realize the loss.

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A party from Toronto numbering some twenty fashionable persons spent Saturday and Sunday last at Niagara Falls, but did not succeed in seeing the present center of attraction in the little town.

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Mr. Justice Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, who have been the guests of Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park, left on Saturday night for Port Arthur.

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Mr. Edward Law of London, England, was in town last week.

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The annual meeting of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club was held on Thursday of last week. Mr. A. J. Hollyer was elected honorary secretary for the season and Messrs. English, A. C. Galt, H. D. Gamble, Elmes Henderson, Gordon Jones, A. M. Kirkpatrick, C. R. Macklem, Gordon Mackenzie, A. E. Plummer, J. Small and Thomas Tait were appointed the club's committee. The long established and rather inhospitable rule which forbade members to invite any resident friends to use the grounds has been released with respect to two Fridays in every month. The club is one of the oldest, if not quite the oldest, in America, and has enjoyed possession of the same beautiful and conveniently situated grounds on Front street for nearly twenty years. It was feared that the club might have to resign their ground at the close of this season, when the present lease expires, but I hear that arrangements are all but completed for a further renewal of five years. Play on the cinder courts will commence almost immediately, since the season is unprecedentedly early, but Ladies' Mondays will not be inaugurated till the turf is in condition, and it will hardly be ready before May.

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If a Canadian National Lawn Tennis Association is formed at the instigation of the Toronto Club, it is to be hoped that the annual championship tournament will still be held on the courts of the latter club. It was the Toronto Club which inaugurated the Canadian Championship, and it has been decided on their grounds for so many years that the position which the club occupies toward lawn tennis in Canada is similar to that of the Wimbledon Club towards the game in England.

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It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the disaster which has befallen the University has been a stroke of luck for the Toronto Cricket Club, since one of the results of the fire is that the club will retain their beautiful Bloor street ground for another season's cricket. This is especially fortunate because the field at the island will not be ready until the spring of 1891, and the club is spared the necessity of leasing a temporary and indifferent ground and of erecting a temporary pavilion.

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Mr. Whitney of Moncton, N. B., was in town this week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Godson of Manchester, England, are staying with friends on St. George street.

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Miss Marjorie Campbell will shortly accompany Miss Strange to the States for a visit of a few weeks.

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Mr. Dawson, M.P., of Port Arthur was in town last week.

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Mr. Montague Allan of Montreal was in town at the beginning of the week.

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Miss Laidlaw, who has been staying with Mrs. Frank Mackelcan at Hamilton, returned to town last Saturday.

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Miss Cameron of Beverley street arrived in town this week from England, where she has resided for the last two years.

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Mrs. Douglas Armour of Cecil street returned to town this week from Woodstock, where she has been visiting relations.

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Although Mrs. Bromley Davenport's house on St. Patrick street is not a large one, the musical evening given by this lady on Thursday of last week was most successful. Mrs. Davenport is too wise a hostess to run any risk of failure through overcrowding. The number of her guests was suited to the capacity of her rooms, while the musical and dramatic programme which she had provided was in all respects excellent. Mr. Fauw's recitation from the Merchant of Venice was as much appreciated as it always is. Mr. Bromley Davenport's songs, comic and otherwise, seemed to "fetch" the small but critical audience tremendously. Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Wallace Jones and the hostess herself all contributed songs. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Miss Hoskin, Mr. Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Fairley, Miss Wyatt, Mr. Henry Wyatt, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. Drummond, Mr. F. M. Mowat, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Fleury, Miss Sparks, Miss Cochran, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Playter, Mr. Goldingham.

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Mr. and Mrs. Beatty of the Queen's Park gave a large dinner party on Wednesday.

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Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Edinburgh, Scotland, are staying with friends on St. George street. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne leave shortly for San Francisco, Cal., whence they will eventually sail for Japan.

•

Captain Sparks of Aldershot, England, who has been staying with friends on Beverley street, has left town for Ottawa.

•

Mr. James Buchanan of Clifton, England, came to town this week. Mr. Buchanan is staying with friends on Bloor street, and talks of settling in Toronto.

•

Col. Otter, D.A.G., was at Niagara this week.

•

The Misses Mackenzie of Sarnia are the guests of Mrs. Nairn of Jarvis street.

•

Mrs. Snelling of Murray street gave a luncheon for young ladies on Thursday. I call to mind a pleasant luncheon given some time ago for brides, past and present, and also one a little after for elderly ladies.

•

The Grenadiers are discussing an entertainment which will probably take place about the end of April. Opera has been suggested, and Trial by Jury is likely to be given. This with tableaux will be the order of the evening. The affair is sure to be a success, as those interested will make it a social feature of the second part of the season.

•

The "four hundred" of New York have this year established a new and useful Lenten recreation. It is called Lenten Meetings, and the rose-buds gather in companies and do coarse sewing for the poor. Hemming, puckering, gathering, instead of glancing, sighing and waltzing, is certainly very unique. The evening meetings admit of music and oftentimes of light refreshment, while in some cases, contributions for especial charities are cheerfully appropriated by the girl with the most winning smile.

•

Mrs. Yarker gave a dinner party on Thursday evening.

•

Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood welcomed a company of twenty to dinner on Tuesday evening. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Miss Bunting, Miss Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Major Harrison, Mr. Brock and Mr. Bogart.

•

Miss Hugel of Port Hope is the guest of Mrs. Nordheimer at Glenedyth.

•

Captain C. Grenville-Harston, R.G., has been appointed aide de-camp to his honor the Lieutenant-Governor.

•

Captain Sparks of H. M. Welsh regiment returns to England by the Etruria to-day from New York.

•

Mrs. E. T. Malone of Ontario street gave a progressive euchre party last Friday evening to a number of her friends. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Warwick, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Miss Morphy, Mr. Hall, Mr. McClung, Mr. Badenach, Miss McGiven, Miss Smith, Miss Trow, Miss Kennedy, Mr. J. Garvin, Dr. Thistle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogers, Mr. McGee, Dr. and Mrs. Young, and Mr. J. P. Beaty.

•

Mrs. J. B. Tinning of 15 Tranby avenue gave an At Home to her married friends on Friday night, and to her young friends on Saturday night. Both spent a most enjoyable evening.

•

Battleford Column, North-west Field Force, held a grand reunion dinner at Webb's last night. Of course, as everyone knows, what happens on Friday night really takes place after we go to press, and descriptions of it must appear the next week.

•

On the evening of Friday, March 21, Miss Laura MacGillivray of Chicago gave an evening of readings under the auspices of the Young Men's Association of Bond street church. On this, her first appearance before a Toronto audience, Miss MacGillivray made a most favorable impression. Her undeniable graces of manner and person captured her audience from the first and the excellence of her work proved her to be a talented elocutionist.

•

The Misses Fanson, Nettie and Mosetta, of Danville, Illinois, have returned to that city after a few weeks' pleasant visit with their old friends and relatives in Toronto and Hamilton. Like all old Torontonians, the Misses Fanson say "there is no place like home"—the dear old Queen City.

•

Mr. T. O. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson sailed to-day on the Cunard line steamer Etruria for Europe.

Mr. Walter Sterling sailed to-day by the Cunarder Etruria *en route* to Germany.

•

A most enjoyable parlor concert was given at the residence of Mrs. Mara of Beverley street on Monday evening. Miss Agnes Law's recitations were the features of the evening.

•

The Alert Club gave a very pleasant At Home last Friday evening in Prospect Park Hall. The programme which was very good was followed by dancing.

•

Miss B. N. McKechnie of London is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. M. Kipp of Bathurst street.

•

Dominion Lodge, C. O. O. F., held a successful At Home in their parlor, Victoria Chambers, on March 20. The programme consisted of a concert and dancing.

•

The buglers of the Queen's Own Rifles held their last At Home of the season in their mess rooms, on Wednesday evening last. A most enjoyable evening was spent and great credit is due the Bugle-Major and committee.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The amateur negro minstrels at the Grand, Friday evening of last week, were a great success. "Everyone" was there, owing principally, no doubt, to the great popularity of the object in aid of which the entertainment was given—the Lady Stanley Institute for Nurses. If the second part of the programme was a little flat, the first part, in which all the minstrels and the chorus singing came in, was not only more refined but superior in execution and effect to nine out of ten regular travelling companies. The chorus consisted of twenty-eight burnt cork gentlemen, attired in swallow-tailed coats with gorgeous buff and scarlet facings, ranged upon the stage, forming a pyramid topped by half a dozen musicians and a big drum. The caste of the minstrels was as follows: Interlocutor, W. F. Boardman; tambos, F. White, W. Burgess and E. C. Grant; bones, J. Lawson, W. Brophy and F. W. Carling; chorus, Messrs. Johnstone, Throgmorton, Thorne, Garvin, Belleau, Kavanagh, Blackadar, Burn, Lemoine, Genest, Tripp, Jackson, Horan, Blanchet, Macdougall, Carling, Phillips, Bentley, Harrison, Hodgins and Dunlevie. Among the songs which took particularly well were Sweet Helena, by Mr. Lawson, and If the Water Could Speak, by Mr. Macdougall. The comic business by the end men was excellent, Messrs. White, Grant, Burgess and Lawson being particularly good. The best joke of the evening was gotten off at the expense of the Hon. Arthur Stanley, who had intended being one of the chorus, but who was obliged to disappoint the company. Mr. Burgess asked: "Why is this here minstrel show like the heart of Africa?" The reply to which was: "Because there was a Stanley in it, but he managed to get out of it." The audience roared, and the Hon. Arthur, who was present, hid at the back of the royal box. The second part of the programme consisted of a clog dance by Messrs. McGillavry and Cockburn; tumbling on the flying trapeze by Mr. Lawless, whose achievements were greatly aided by the fact that his heels were fastened to the roof by a stout rope; a duet by Messrs. Grant and Lawson on the Chinese question, and a very clever ventriloquistic performance, that fairly rivalled Valentine Vox, by Mr. W. E. Burgess of the Montreal *Herald*. The proceeds are said to total over $300 net, which go to swell the fund of the Lady Stanley Institute for Nurses.

The Honorable Speaker and Mrs. Allan gave a reception in the Senate Chamber from 9 to 11 30 Saturday evening last. Over three hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. The Red Chamber was prettily decorated with exotics, the music was excellent, and the scene one of unusual brilliancy. The Capital Orchestra, as usual in very good form, performed excellently during the evening.

Mrs. W. J. McCulloch and Mrs. Charles Berard of Bank street were At Home on Tuesday evening last from 8 to 11 p.m.

Her Excellency Lady Stanley has just left for England. She is accompanied by Miss Lister, the Hon. Arthur Stanley and Lady Alice Stanley. Great sympathy is expressed on all sides with Lady Alice Stanley in the sad loss she has suffered by the death of her father, the venerable Duke of Manchester. The Vice-Regal party are now in mourning, and consequently no further entertaining will be done at Rideau Hall this season.

By order of His Excellency the remaining Saturday afternoon parties were cancelled last Monday morning.

Sir John and Lady Macdonald received at dinner at Earnscliffe, Saturday evening last, the following ladies and gentlemen: Hon. Mr. Colby, Hon. Mr. Almon, Hon. Mr. Miller, Hon. Mr. Robert Reed, Hon. Mr. Vidal, Mr. Daly, M.P., and Mrs. Daly, Mr. Hawson, M.P., Mr. Tisdale, M.P., Mrs. Glenny Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Burgess, Dr. George Dawson, Miss Drinkwater of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pringle of Cobourg, Mr. Cameron Stanton, Capt. Sparks of England, Miss Marjorie Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. F. Toller, Mr. Samuel Wilmot.

BELLEVILLE.

H. Corby, M.P., and S. B. Burdette, Q.C., M.P., were in town this week.

Mrs. and Miss Harty of Kingston are the guests of George Hounsom, Q.C.

John Bell, Q.C., and Mr. William Ponton have put two beautiful stained glass memorial windows in St. Andrews Church.

Mrs. E. G. Porter gave a very successful parlor concert in aid of John street church in her elegant little home on Dunbar street, on Friday evening, March 21. The programme was very fine but especial mention must be made of the reading of Mr. Carnichael whose rendering of the most beautiful gem of Irish poetry, The Bells of Shandon, could not be surpassed.

Miss Blanche Willson has returned after a most delightful visit to Toronto and Port Hope.

Mr. Murray, manager of the Dominion Bank, is convalescent.

Mrs. Richardson gave a small evening on Friday, March 21, for her grand-daughter, Miss Mabel Willson, who returned home on that evening from a visit to Montreal.

George Dickson, Q.C., is in Deseronto.

Some galeties are on the tapis for Easter week. It will be very delightful after the quiet season of Lent.

A Society Mystery.

Mrs. De Fashion—So Clara Pretty has married Mr. Noble. Why, he's poor as a church mouse.

Mrs. De Style—No prospects either.

Mrs. Highup—No; and no family.

Mrs. Wayup—What on earth could she have married him for?

Mrs. Tiptop—It's the greatest mystery.

Mrs. Topnotch—Yes, everybody in society is puzzled over it, but it seems impossible to solve the problem.

. . . . . .

Mr. Noble (in parlor car of fast express train)—My darling, why did you marry me?

The Bride—Because I love you—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Equal to the Occasion

"Miss Kajones," began the youth in a faltering voice, "I——"

He had risen to his feet, but he looked nervously about the cosy front parlor, suddenly paused and sat down again.

With a casual and apparently unconscious motion of her superb hand and arm the young woman drew down the blind.

"What were you about to say, Mr. Hankinson?" she inquired.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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NO POSSIBLE DOUBT WHATEVER	50

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TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

The practice of gum chewing is becoming a prevailing habit among women who surely ought to know better. To my mind nothing can be more disgusting than the ceaseless movement of the jaws and the uncouth grimaces which the gum chewer indulges in.

How they will uphold their folly, too!

With exclamation points bristling from every feature, the defender of the gum will state, "Why, it is so wholesome, and nearly everyone chews now."

She tucks a piece of the nasty stuff in one cheek as she says this, and, having delivered the defence, pursues her pleasurable exercise with "mawp," "sgt," "smack," many times repeated and often reversed.

Ugh! It is dreadful and I cannot think that a gentlewoman will chew gum, except it were an exercise prescribed by her physician and taken in strict privacy.

•

What a honey jar a window filled with "bargains" proves.

It seems unexplainable to me, but I know that women will buy things just because they are cheap. In my opinion goods which are not needful are very high-priced even if the sum paid be below cost.

Should we not cultivate an admiration for beautiful things which does not admit of a future possessive case? Is it not possible to wonder at low prices, and pass on? Surely indiscriminate wanting and careless buying are enemies to purses whose contents do not cover much more than the present tense. An eye to one's environment, and a good judgment will often lead one to reject these "bargains," which may be unneedful, which are often disappointing and nearly always "shoddy."

Women who will tramp a mile, draggle their skirts, spoil their tempers, squander their car fares, chide their children and anger their husbands, over fifteen cents saved (?) on the price of some article are not born economists.

Bargains and economy are rarely on the same side of the street. Buy the best you can get for your money, and shun the bargain-counter as you would the—well—the measles, etc.

•

A pretty little bonnet which I was admiring the other day was of black dotted net, with a face fold of orange velvet veiled with open lace. The lace was gathered into a fan-shaped rosette on the top, and held in position by two jet daggers fixed on opposite sides. The empire strings of narrow velvet ribbon were tied in a long looped knot under the left ear. It was quite the daintiest chapeau, I had seen. Perhaps my eyes were tired of blossoms, which though so exquisite are apt to be wearisome.

•

A widow's bridal dress, which a London paper described as being in excellent taste, was of peach-blow crepe-de-chine, with a decoration of embroidered violets on a pale-pink ground. The small bonnet was fashioned entirely of violets, with a becoming little face full of the embroidery at the left front.

•

Silver is quite the rage for dressy trimmings. A white silk muslin, a white tulle, a white satin, and a black satin and jet combination, all owed their dainty effectiveness to the aid of the bright trimming.

•

Flower muffs are a spring fancy. Many of these hand-comforters are of violets for real spring days, and of silk muslin adorned with bouquets for those days which in spite of the season are a bit chilly.

•

Gloves grow shorter. In Paris, a correspondent states that glace kid in two or three buttons are the favored styles. One cannot give up the pretty soft gloves with the long loose wrists without a struggle. I, for one, am willing to struggle. Let us vanquish Dame Fashion—just for fun.

•

At a recent luncheon the flower decorations were particularly unique. The center piece was a cushion of pansies. The wise-faced little blossoms were shaded from palest yellow through the mahogany tints to purple hues, and on to the Black Prince. The favors were pansies tied with yellow and lavender ribbons, and nestled in soft folds of sea-green silk.

•

Tables scarves are a little larger now, the most approved size being from eighteen to twenty-seven inches; and, by the way, the prettily-tinted decoration is oftener square than otherwise.

•

I was at the theater on Saturday afternoon last, and my hatred for high hats burst out afresh. I have been quiet on the subject of late, finding it just a little easier to nurse my own wrath than to appease that of other people. I would not depend entirely on myself, for perhaps I may, through extreme suffering, have become slightly prejudiced, but when others grumble, I feel safe in saying a little.

Mr. Polara has been wont to indulge in comments as to the ancient history of the hat question after reading my heart-felt remonstrances. But I had my revenge. It was this way. He had an excellent view of the stage for a time. Then two immense hats settled in front of him. He shifted. I chuckled. He asked in all kindness if I could see. I yes-thank-you'd, and became happier, thinking what a valuable experience he was purchasing. At the conclusion of the act, I carelessly remarked that there were a large number of hatless women in the house.

This had the desired effect. He looked at those awful specimens of head-gear and said with a very unnatural smile, "What avails it if hatless women are many when these two are in front of a man?"

He was in earnest. Oh, yes, he meant it, and thought more to himself than he expressed in English.

•

It seems to me that, as pebbles are harder to walk upon than larger stones, so the little worries wear greater holes in our tempers than big troubles. It is the cutting little things Reid—as interesting and well told tale. Nathaniel Hawthorne's Elixir of Life is still going on. Wilson Barrett, the English actor, writes interestingly on Hamlet, and among other interesting articles is one on Stanley's Emin Pasha expedition.

His Bosom Friend is the title of the long story in *Belfords* for April. Homer Greene is the author of this markedly interesting and

Is it not wise to brace every nerve against trifling annoyances and affect a calm indifference to people and things which are of the hornet persuasion.

In justice to ourselves and in kindness to others let us find the bright side of this lifefabric we are weaving, and strive to keep the gay color uppermost. It pays to be happy, and if hornets sting, doctor the wound and then keep out of their way. CLIP CAREW.

Church Talks.

It was to Bloor street Baptist church that I took my way last Sunday evening.

The building looks substantial from the outside, and the interior is roomy with two galleries hanging over the sides.

The walls are plain white, giving an appearance of bareness, while the semi-circular arrangement of the pews seems to crowd the downstairs woefully.

The choir gallery is inartistically perched above the minister's head. I could hear the anthem, but its long-way-up sound was not particularly conducive to sympathetic response of feeling.

From my seat it was almost impossible to catch a glimpse of the singers' faces. I did try once, but I felt a crick in my neck, and recollected at the same time that there was no pin in my bonnet, so down came my chin, and I simply listened afterwards.

At the conclusion of the anthem a book slipped from some unlucky hand, and fell with a startling clap beside the minister.

Church and music, I must own, were not to my taste, but the sermon by the Rev. Mr. Trotter was essentially good.

It is only three or four months since this gentleman came from Woodstock to occupy the pulpit he now fills, and I have not before heard him preach.

He is a slender man with a gravely set face and restless eyes. In speaking the eyes lose none of their piercing expression, but take on an added light of kindliness, while a genuine smile and an earnest ring of voice combine to win attention.

Properly speaking his delivery was labored, especially at the beginning of the discourse, but voice, accent and enunciation were pleasing in the first instance, and carefully correct in the latter two.

He took his text from the thirteenth chapter of Proverbs, the particular part being the latter clause of the twentieth verse, which reads thus: "The companion of fools shall be destroyed."

The reverend gentleman first defined the proverbial "fool." He is not the man who is half-witted, nor yet the one who in common parlance is lightly termed a foolish man. Mr. Trotter brought forward the three groups of sayings which showed that the "fool" of Proverbs was: 1. A slave to impulse. 2. A self-satisfied despiser of counsel. 3. A mocker and scoffer of sin.

Mr. Trotter urged his listeners to so govern their lives that the word in its biblical sense should not apply to them.

Under the first heading he presented the illustration of impulses being steeds, which should be guided and reined by reason and conscience.

In the second place he spoke of the know-everything individual, finishing with the cutingly emphasized statement: "This fool is generally a young fool."

The third division was devoted to the denunciation of those who mock and scoff at sin. The preacher urged with force that the companionship of such must lead the unwary to destruction. Birds with similar feathers are usually found in the same flock, and if one of another tribe does happen to get amongst the crowd, he is almost sure to bear their name as far as general opinion goes.

The closing remarks embraced a plea for right living and good companionship, and an earnest solicitation for hands of help to those who, struggling to become wedded to the right, were yet weak.

In leaving the church, I was much impressed with the spirit of cordiality exhibited among the members. Quiet converse, hurried greetings and kind enquiries were freely indulged in.

To such an extent did this geniality prevail that egress from one aisle was denied for some time.

But who, even though she were the veriest stranger, would wish to criticize the commendable habit of lingering a little in the house of worship, or who would quarrel with the good people, who were thus "kindly affectioned one to the other?" ETELKA.

How to Read Browning.

You must absorb him through the pores of your soul.

Make yourself a sponge, hurl yourself at Browning and soak.

Sit down and read a poem whole. Do not try to understand.

Do not stop to query in your reading, "What does this mean?" Never mind; read on.

Plunge through it any way, simply calling the words; then replunge and re-re-re-plunge.

And, then when you have re-re-re-plunged for a considerable length of time, varying from hours to months, according to the perspicacity of your intellect, you begin to see the parts of the poem, the whole in relation to the parts, and the parts in relation to each other.—*Boston Globe.*

Magazines.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for April amply sustains that magazine's reputation for literary excellence. Besides its powerful serials from such pens as Henry James and Margaret Deland, its special articles are of the first order of merit. Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes some delightful talk on modern realism in Over the Teacups. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is represented by a poem on The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Oliver T. Morton discourses on Civil Service Reform and other articles of equal interest complete this excellent number.

The complete story in *Lippincott's* for April is A Cast for Fortune from the pen of Christian Reid—as interesting and well told tale. Nathaniel Hawthorne's Elixir of Life is still going on. Wilson Barrett, the English actor, writes interestingly on Hamlet, and among other interesting articles is one on Stanley's Emin Pasha expedition.

original tale. Julian Hawthorne writes a sketch of Huxley in Private. H. M. Belden, Clinton Scollard, Ernest De Lancy Pierson, Edward Everett Hale and many others are well represented in both prose and poetry.

Scribner's Magazine has now its place at the front rank of American magazines both as regards the quality of its contents and the excellence of its printing. Its issue for April is full of choice reading matter profusely illustrated with splendid engravings. A. B. Frost has given us some of his characteristic drawings. Howard Pyle, Harry Fenn and Herbert Railton contribute excellent artistic work, illustrating the letter press, which is unusually interesting throughout.

A Bit of Moralizing.

'Tis love they say that makes the world go round—
A most peculiar sort of statement this;
The world revolves no less for him I'm bound,
Who never even dreamed a lover's bliss.

The statement comes, I haven't any doubt,
From some of those wise young philosophers,
Who think the world was made right out and out
For them—that is for lovers. . . . Well, it was.
—*Chatter.*

Rebuked.

It happened on a crowded horse car. A seedy looking man, very much the worse for having looked too often on the wine when it was red, rose to give his seat to a lady when a robust man slipped into the vacated seat, leaving the lady still standing.

"Sa-a-y, you—you feller you," said the boozy but chivalrous individual, as he swayed to and fro, hanging to a strap: "I—I'm drunk. I know, but I—I'll git over it, I will; but you—you're a hog, an' you—you'll never git over it in—in this world—no, sir, never!"

And the other passengers agreed with him.

He Smelt a Rat.

Stern Papa (hiding a stout cane behind his back, under a tree on which his young hopeful has been foraging among the apples)—Charley, dear, come down; it is beginning to thunder.

Charley—All right, Pa; I can listen to it up here!

The Erie Railway Flyer to New York.

Leaving Toronto at 2.50 p.m., is the best train to New York, arriving at 8.20 a.m. Through parlor and sleeping car line.

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The change of style of the hair is necessary not only for the fashion, but also for preserving the hair and the health. The style of wearing the hair high has died out with the fashionable society of Europe, and is gradually doing the same on this continent. Ladies who desire to change their style of hair or in want of any addition of artificial hair goods, be it for style, comfort or necessity, or hair dyed, cut, singed, or shampooed, will obtain proper attention at ARMAND'S HAIR STORE, 407 Yonge Street, close to Y. M. C. A. Buildings, Toronto. Send for fashion plate and circular.

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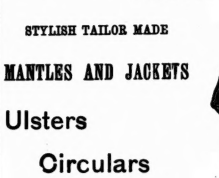

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218 Yonge Street

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

A Well-Kept Promise.

The little Irish fishing village of Portcraig was looking its best in the glorious midsummer sun-shine. The waves were rising and falling, each white crest sending forth a shower of sparkling spray. The cottages under the cliff, with their whitewashed walls and diamond shaped window panes, reflected the sunlight in an almost blinding glare; while around towered purple heath clad mountains. The weather was full natural beauty in abundance to tempt lovers of the picturesque during the summer months; but in the dreary winter season life at Portcraig was a serious matter indeed. However, people did live there all the year round—people who would have felt personally insulted if the place had been called dull and out of the way. "Quiet" and "retired" were the adjectives used in relation to Portcraig by the learned rector, the old doctor, and the two Misses M'Kenny.

The doctor and the two old maids lived next door to each other, in two comfortable, but unsightly stone dwellings facing the beach. Bright green palings fenced off a little space on either side of the doors of both houses. The doctor had filled his portion of the space with a curious geometrical arrangement of shells and stones; while the Misses M'Kenny kept theirs gay with many-colored flowers, which seemed to thrive well in the sea air. Gardening was one of the many mild forms of pleasure indulged in by those two stout kindly little old ladies.

Their father had been rector of the parish years before; and his two daughters had been born and had grown up in the bare dreary Glebe at the top of the village street. When he died, they settled down in the house on the beach; and the pangs they suffered on the day when they saw a stranger take possession of their old home were still referred to as the great trial of their lives. There was a sense of injury lingering even yet, though the stranger had been an old friend, and his daughter, as the old ladies said, was "a very cheerful young thing—quite a bright spot in our lives."

Mr. Dene's wife had been dead for many years; and Mary, his only child, was "little Mary" no longer, save in the eyes of her father and the Misses M'Kenny. She was a tall, pleasant faced girl, who for three-and-twenty years had lived in the quiet village of Portcraig and had scarcely looked beyond. She remained with her father as the old maids had remained with their sires; and, when the Glebe should pass to another owner, she might subside as they had done, into a cottage on the beach, and cultivate geraniums and sea pinks in ignorance of the poor as of old, and teach in the Sunday school—a quiet, useful life, not to be sneered at or despised. But Mary was young, and the thought often came to her sometimes that outside Portcraig there was a wider world full of interest and variety, where men and women had brighter hopes, though perhaps darker fears. She was a good girl, however, and had always been taught to be content and submissive; so she blamed herself for indulging in idle dreams, and prayed that she might do her duty in the place that had been assigned to her, with no thought for the vanities of the world beyond.

But the Misses M'Kenny had much brighter projects for the future of their favorite. They had quite made up their minds that "little Mary" must marry. The only difficulty was to find the suitable man.

"A little more intercourse with the outer world might perhaps be desirable," said Miss Celia. "I would not mind chaperoning Mary to a garden party, or even a flower show, if Ballyshaun were only a little nearer."

But Ballyshaun could not change its position to accommodate Miss Celia, and Mary's husband was still a mythical personage. The old doctor could not be considered eligible; and, as few people except clergymen visited the Glebe at Portcraig, Mary scarcely ever saw a man without a white tie in her quiet round of life. The subj ct was of course never mentioned to the girl herself—the Misses M'Kenny would not have been guilty of anything so injudicious and improper; but their hopes for her were much exercised on the point, and they had been forced to settle on one of the numerous curates who came to the neighborhood. It was not easy however to get him and Mary to regard each other in the proper light.

The parlor of the Misses M'Kenny was an odd little room. The window was filled with bright geraniums, the sofa strewn with strangely-fashioned antimacassars; on the walls there were faded little water color drawings, silhouettes of gentlemen with pig-tails, a large oil painting of the late rector, gray-headed and studious-looking, and two miniatures of him and his wife, smiling, curly and prim.

"Mary, my dear," said Miss Celia on this sunny summer afternoon, "do not forget that you are to drink tea with us to morrow night! Your papa can call for you on his return from the missionary meeting at Castletown."

"She will not forget, declared Miss Harriet. "We will make our famous tea-cake from the Scotch recipe, you know; and, if anything should prevent your papa from coming for you, Mr. Simcox will be sure to see you home." Mr. Simcox was the curate upon whom the Misses M'Kenny at that time rested their hopes.

"Such a very nice right-minded young man, and in such comfortable circumstances!" echoined in Miss Celia. "His parents live within ten miles, and not likely to live long!"

"His father," pursued Miss Harriet, "has lost the sight of one eye, and his mother is stone deaf. Ah, as I said to him last night, it is a great thing for a young man to have such a home and be blessed with such parents! But we must not keep you now. Mary, don't forget—six o'clock to morrow evening!

Good Miss Celia stood in the little porch crowded with flowers, watching the young girl walk along the beach and up the steep straggling street.

The Glebe was a bare miserable-looking house which, in spite of all Mary's efforts, could not be made to look bright and cheerful. It stood in the center of a bleak square, the stunted trees that battled for existence with the keen winds from the sea. A green gate opened on to the village street, and opposite was the village. Lower down the hill could be found the publichouse, the pos-office, and one or two humble general shops. Mary walked on, thinking indeed of Mr. Simcox, but scarcely with affection or respect; the curate was a stupid boy in her eyes, and the entertainment fixed for the next evening would be made more attractive by his absence, should the missionaries at Castletown decide that his presence at their meeting was necessary.

"I beg your pardon," said a voice behind her, "but can you direct me to the best inn!"

Mary turned hastily at the sound of the unknown voice. The speaker was a man of about six-and-thirty, evidently a gentleman, in spite of his rough tweed suit. "A tourist," she thought. "But why on earth should he stop at Portcraig!" She indicated the white house opposite to her father's gate; and the stranger was murmuring some courteous words of thanks, when a gust of wind blew off her broad-brimmed hat, and in another moment it was careering down the hill with Mary and the stranger in hot pursuit.

After a troublesome and exciting chase, the stranger captured the hat, and, as he restored it, he had an opportunity of observing the sweet face it shaded—a face in which natural life and youth struggled with the gravity and sadness that were the result of a lonely childhood and over-strict training. As he restored the hat she thanked him, and they walked up the hill together, exchanging a few commonplace remarks before, with a final bow, the stranger crossed the road to the inn.

A little later Mary wondered whether curates as they grew older became as self-possessed and pleasant as this stranger; while the stranger was anathematising Portcraig for its backwardness in the art of cooking.

The breeze developed into a storm during the night; and the next evening the rain was beating against the windows of Rock Cottage when Mary Dene arrived there at the appointed time, ready to enjoy Miss Harriet's tea cake. Tea, however, had to be kept back, for Mr. Simcox had not yet put in an appearance.

"Not that he is unpunctual by nature," observed Miss Harriet, who feared lest the curate should forfeit their young friend's esteem—"No—or indifferent to the attraction we have provided for him—not at all! We will give him a quarter of an hour's grace; and, if he is not here then, we will do our duty, Mary, my dear, and, if Dr. Boyd has insisted upon his going to Castledrum to hear about the heathen, which must always be an interesting subject to a young man in the ministry, we cannot blame him, however disappointed we may be."

"But while we wait," said Miss Celia, with grim playfulness, "we must really catechise Mary a little. When young ladies walk about alone with a strange gentleman—"

"Oh," exclaimed Mary innocently, "did you hear!"—and then she told them of her adventure of the preceding evening.

"It was very civil of him to pick up your hat," remarked Miss Celia doubtfully; "but I don't think you ought to have walked and spoken with him afterwards. No young lady should ever walk with a gentleman to whom she has not been introduced by some older friend on whose judgment she can rely. Mr. Simcox—" she continued, in solemn tone for one more cheerful—"there is a footstep in the porch—it must be Mr. Simcox! Sarah, let the tea-pot stand! Mary, mind! he knocks! He must be wiping his boots. What a thoughtful young man he is, to be sure!" In her hospitable zeal the good lady hurried to the door and threw it open, exclaiming, "Oh, come in—come in! We thought you had quite deserted us!"

The recipient of this welcome, however, was not Mr. Simcox, but the stranger who had recovered Mary's hat.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Celia, looking at him severely, as though demanding an explanation of his presence among her flowers.

"Mary, my dear!" whispered Miss Harriet timidly.

"I beg your pardon!" said the stranger. "I'm afraid I am trespassing; but the rain has come on so violently that I ventured to take shelter for a moment in this porch."

"Oh, pray come inside!" returned Miss Celia rather stiffly. "What a dreadful night!"

The rain was pouring down upon the porch; and the stranger, with many thanks and apologies, quitted the drenched geraniums and was ushered into the little parlor, where he appeared with tea and cakes. This occasioned considerable embarrassment. It was impossible to let the tea get cold before their eyes; and it was still more impossible to begin without inviting the stranger to join them. It was difficult to take this latter course, considering how strictly just been admonishing Mary never to make friends with strangers. However, there was no help for it; and, after some mysterious nods and frowns between the sisters, the gentleman was invited to fill Mr. Simcox's vacant chair. The Misses M'Kenny were very curious to know the stranger's name and history, and by skilful questioning they soon ascertained that their guest was an Englishman named Armitage, that his native county was Derbyshire, and that he was travelling about with the object of investigating some fine old ruins in the neighborhood.

"They are very interesting," said Miss Harriet. "There is the old part of the castle at Killcraig, and the church of St. Phedrig O'Clocherty, a monument of the long eyed giant Rodric McDaargbhain. You are an antiquary?"

"Scarcely, replied Mr. Armitage; "but I am interested in such things, though my knowledge concerning them is limited. An old friend who belongs to an antiquarian society has asked me to make some sketches for his next paper. Do you know if the family at Killcraig are at home?

"No! I wish they were," answered Miss Celia. "I regret to say they are too often absent; but, when they are at the castle, no people can be kinder. You know them?

"No," replied Mr. Armitage; "but they are friends of my sister-in-law."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Miss Harriet, looking rapturously at the speaker, as though the appearance of the stranger's respectability. "Don't tell them we said they were absentees—my sister speaks without thinking. I am sure they have always been kind to us! Our poor friend Miss Dene—Mr. Armitage."

This was intended as an introduction; and the stranger, with a low bow, recognized his friend of the previous evening. Miss Harriet rambled on:

"Old Mr. Maclure is a good landlord. Twenty pounds for the poor every Christmas; and he placed the stained-glass window in the church. The parish can't complain."

"It would be a great difference if they lived at home," said Mary quietly. "She spoke with a k-en recollection of certain parish worries, and had no feudal feeling for the family at the Castle.

Miss Celia frowned the girl down; for she and her sister always regarded Mary as a child, who was to listen, not heard, and who should listen in silence to improving conversation.

On this evening little Mary Dene was well content to listen to her two elders and betters; was a man of no ordinary ability. The Misses M'Kenny were delighted with their new acquaintance, and would not hear of his quitting them till the rain had ceased. All scruples concerning Mary were forgotten, and they conversed gaily, instead of following the strict rule so lately enunciated for the young lady's benefit. The consequence was that when Mr. Dene arrived, accompanied by Mr. Simcox, the old ladies could only bewilder the newcomer and excuses of the curate, so eager were they to make Mr. Armitage known to the rector.

When their guests had departed, Miss Celia scarcely waited for the door to close before she darted to the bookshelves to consult an old red volume dear to her heart.

"Mr. Simcox, my dear," she cried, "he isn't an impostor! 'Oakwoods in Derbyshire.' 'Hugh Armitage—thirty-seven years old last birthday—wealthy landed proprietor—one of the country three hundred years.' Oh, my dear, do you think he was struck with Mary? If it were so, I am sure he would be more steady, he might do even better than Mr. Simcox!"

Hugh Armitage was not an impostor, alight as were the grounds on which Miss Celia based her assurance. Oakwoods was a very fine estate; and the grand old house and far-reaching woods belonged to a man, for he went to church twice on Sunday. The good ladies persuaded themselves that this clear proof of Hugh's moral perfection infinitely enhanced his value in the eyes of the Misses M'Kenny immediately discovering what a suitable husband he would be for their charge.

The morning sunbeams were effacing the recollection of the tempest of the night before when Hugh Armitage came out of the inn, and, crossing the road, passed through the green gate of the Glebe on his way to keep an appointment by the rector.

As the servant threw open the door of her master's study, the state of affairs within did not seem favorable to the antiquarian research. The rector arose from his chair looking tired and worried, and the two-come-outed a dispute between two untidy-looking women.

"Mr. Armitage, I am pleased to welcome you!" Hannah O'Clocherty and Mary M'Divin, I will return to you presently. Will you walk this way, sir? Do not think me discourteous; but the fact is a parish rector is expected to dispute between two most argumentative women, and I fear my study will not be quiet enough for you for at least an hour."

"Any hour or day will do for me, Mr. Dene," replied Armitage; "and your time must be much occupied. I will take my chance some other day."

"No, no!" said the rector. "I hope to be free in an hour at the latest; and in the meantime might be well to take advantage of this sunny morning to view the ruins. Will you wait here a few moments?"

The room in which Hugh was left was evidently the drawing-room, and the best apartment in the Glebe; but he found himself wondering how people could really exist amid such unpromising surroundings. The carpet was threadbare, the curtains were faded, the furniture was heavy and old-fashioned; there were no books, no pictures, no signs of fancy needlework; there was no piano. A sewing machine stood in one corner near a basket filled with materials for cotton dresses and lilac-prints, and there was a small harmonium on one side of the room.

As he glanced round the unattractive apartment, which had neither the luxury of riches nor the romance of poverty to redeem it, Mary entered, dressed for walking, and said, as she greeted him:

"My father says I am to guide you to the ruins, Mr. Armitage. He will join you in half an hour."

"It is very kind of him; but it will be giving you too much trouble, I fear."

Mary, who had been brought up without any knedge of conventional phrases, was at a loss for an answer. This particular morning was a busy one with her, and her father's arrangement had seriously interfered with her plans for the day's work.

She only smiled, and said she was glad Portcraig had something to show to a stranger, if it show him. And thus it came about that, in spite of the warnings of the Misses M'Kenny, Mary and Mr. Armitage spent the greater part of the morning together among the chapels and tombs, disturbed by any doubts as to the propriety of their conduct.

As they wandered among the ruins, Mary was very silent at first, her thoughts being fixed upon those domestic duties which she was neglecting against her will; but Hugh had the happy knack of drawing people out of themselves, and he soon discovered that some portion of Mr. Dene's antiquarian knowledge had been assimilated by his daughter. If she could not discuss architecture in general, she knew every detail about this particular ruin. Mr. Dene's promised explanation might have been more learned; but it could not have supplied more exactly what Hugh wanted to know, and the romantic legends of the ruins connected with the spot would certainly have lacked the charm of Mary's unconsciously poetical language. Hugh, with his superior culture and training, was anything but credulous; Mary united Scotch superstition to Irish enthusiasm. For the first time in her life she experienced the delight of congenial conversation. Her father and the Misses M'Kenny treated her as a child; the curate had few ideas in common with her; but Hugh, in intellect, culture, and experience, was superior to any she had ever known—yet he talked to her as though she were his equal.

In his side he discovered, first, that the girl had a pretty voice, then that she was talking sense. Finally, woman-hater though he believed himself to be, he found himself able to sit on a mossy bank, with a picturesque arch and a crumbling tomb in the foreground, and see the sunlight shine on her golden locks in the distance, while talking at his leisure with a grave quiet girl like this, to whom the world with its flirtations and schemings was unknown. It was a day more pleasant even than discussing science in a stuffy drawing-room. He was almost sorry when Mr. Dene joined them.

Three weeks passed away, and Mr. Armitage, to the astonishment of all, was still at Portcraig. He said he found more objects of interest in the neighborhood than he had at first anticipated. The Misses M'Kenny wove a wonderful little romance concerning him which had more foundation in fact than they imagined. Whether he owned it to himself or not, Mary Dene was certainly one of the unexpected objects of interest that kept Mr. Armitage in the idyllic fishing village. The circumstances of his life had not led him to form a high opinion of women; he had always avoided their society, and those who had forced themselves upon his notice had not been of a type to conquer his prejudice—for he could see that it was Oakwoods they desired. Mary was a fresh, sweet, unsophisticated girl, the first girl he had known as a friend. In spite of her dull surroundings, she was better worth knowing than any of the girls who had forced their society upon him—fresher and more original than any of those "children of nature," whose boasted ignorance was the result of such careful study. She never offended him by flippant remarks or by the retailing of petty scandal. If in some things she was narrow-minded, her narrowmindedness and sense of justice counterbalanced the effects of her training. Before a week had passed, Hugh had reached the stage of desiring her esteem.

One of Mary's great charms was her unconsciousness. She was as ignorant as he was of the little plots and plans of the Misses M'Kenny; she did not know of the existence of their precious "red book." Hugh could never have suspected that such wily designing went on within the walls of that peaceful-looking cottage. In this out of the world place he was completely off his guard. The advances made by the old ladies were not alarming; but each of the invitations they so freely received was the result of deep and anxious consultation. He accepted their hospitality very simply, and never noticed that they put down little little questions to him about himself and his concerns while they were discussing the last new volume from the Ballyshaun book club.

The Misses M'Kenny had consulted together upon the propriety of asking Mr. Armitage to tea for the fifth time within three weeks, they being anxious and hesitating between hope and fear. Would his suspicions be aroused by their asking him so often? Would he come? And came to anything, and his principles boldly to meet him? Or could it be contrived that she should drop in accidentally? Miss Harriet favored the latter plan; but Miss Celia's bolder counsel prevailed. It was better to risk something when they had the chance of advancing little Mary's interests. Mr. Armitage seemed a most exemplary young man, for he went to church twice on Sunday. The good ladies persuaded themselves that this clear proof of Hugh's moral perfection infinitely enhanced their opinion of him far more than any statements in Miss Celia's Landed Gentry.

Mr. Armitage was obliged to go so often to the Glebe to consult authorities in the Rector's library that there seemed to him nothing unusual in his postponing his answer to the ladies' invitation till he had spoken to Miss Dene, and learned whether she was going to be present or not. At this stage he would have indignantly denied that Mary Dene's movements affected his. He did not mean to marry; so what could be safer than his friendship with the only woman whom he had ever found worthy of his attention?

Mary was as ignorant of the fact that this man thought of her as she was of the schemes of the Misses M'Kenny. She knew that she liked him better than any one she had ever known; she was grieved to think that he would soon pass out of her life for ever; but the depths of her feeling towards him were unknown even to herself.

(To be Continued.)

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

La Griffe.—Abstract.

Lassie.—See M. B. C.

Brawny.—Sensible face.

Katharine.—See Victoria Alberta.

Queerie.—See Memo Null and a kd vanity.

Dulce.—Generous, resolute and fun-loving.

M. H. C.—Firmness, self-reliance and vanity.

Lez.—Self-governing, sincere and ambitious.

Punch.—Sympathetic, vain and very candid.

Elida.—See Marjorie Daw and add energetic.

Nonsuch.—Wilfulness, generosity, indecision.

Reprehensible.—Ambitious, sensitive and wilfulness.

Francesca.—Resolution, precision and reserve.

Mayflower.—See June and add perseverance.

Memo Null.—Selfish, determined and candi t.

Marion.—Selfishness, candor and self-reliance.

Hathaway.—Vanity, perseverance and self-will.

Robertus.—Suspicion, self-will and ostentation.

Gs Ge, Belleville.—Order, energy and decision.

Fur.—Sincere, self-esteeming, selfish and resolute.

Beaumont,—Selfishness, indecision and self-esteem.

May Walker.—Ambition, reserve and generosity.

Marjorie Daw.—Perseverig, precise and impatient.

Cilo, Port Hope.—Decisio, energy and perseverance.

Wakefie.d.—Order, ambition, indecision and reserve.

Canada, Hamilton.—Candor, self-will and self-reliance.

Crity, Hamilton.—Insincerity, carelessness and self-will.

April.—Candor, gaiety, active imagination and impulse.

Emerald, Montreal.—Generosity, resolution and candor.

Mary Jane Brown, Aurora.—Decided, orderly and generous.

Water Lily, Cornwall.—Sympathy, order and generosity.

Victor'a Alberta.—Impulsive, ambitious and self-reliant.

Max.—Self-reliance, much energy, self-esteem and perseverance.

Jure, Calumet, Mich.—Energy, vanity and much self-reliance.

Aunt Marie.—Decision, generosity and much kindliness of heart.

Apple Blossom.—Much vanity, ambition and romance of feeling.

Saturn, Port Hope.—Vanity, firmness and variable temperament.

Little Ore, Belleville.—Self-reliance, vanity and perseverance.

Dutch Daisy, Belleville.—Original ty, impulse an1 self-esteem.

Maude, Brockville.—Executive ability, impulse and tenderness.

McGinty's Homestead.—Impulsive, insincere, decisive and vain.

June-bug.—Indecision, erratic temperament, ambition and vanity.

Snowball.—Self-esteem, geniality and resolution are shown here.

Dominion, Stratford.—Unostentatious, decided and kind-hearted.

Blushes, Chatham.—Sensitiveness, impulse, much sympathy and self-will.

Jessie Donovan, London.—1. Strength, resolution and firmness. 2. Brown.

Pappy.—Sincerity, tendency to exaggeration and much fondness for admiration.

Gertrude Ant, Kingston.—Self-esteem, resolution and an erratic temperament.

Mac.—Sincerity, mirthfulness, impulse and romance of feeling are indicated here.

Sad Heart.—Prudence, thoughtfulness, resolution and extreme self-esteem.

Lucy.—Impatience, indecision and candor. No 2. Perseverance, energy and self-esteem.

Katrina.—Executive ability, fair resolution and generosity. 2. Population of Montreal 183,000.

Dan O'Neil, London.—Follow your own inclination in the matter. Indecision, impulse and resolution.

Marguerite, Chatham.—Indecision, prudence and candor. No. 2. Perseverance, geniality and self esteem.

Pauleyte, Brockville.—Yes, regrets should be sent. Writing denotes decision, self-reliance, precision and self-esteem.

Tim.—Your writing shows much steadfastness and tenderness, resolution, a little self-esteem and a great deal of self-reliance.

Æsculapius.—Energy, an erratic temperamen', much self-reliance, an unostentatious and somewhat reserved manner.

Curiosity, Kingston.—I am sorry that you think me inquisitive. Your writing shows a moody temperament, generosity and self-will.

Loretta.—It is not yet made public. Writing show vanity, much self-esteem, variable temperament and much self-esteem and generosity.

Luck.—You poor, much-abused individual. Do they not know that you are very generous? Writing denotes erratic temperament, originality, impulse and vanity.

Plato.—I have just opened your letter dated March 1. The other could not have reached me. Energy, sincerity, firmness and tenderness are shown in the enclosed.

Curfew Bell.—The one which speaks of "Mabel" I will do. No. 1 shows energy, tenderness, much impulse and decision. No. 2. Resolution, executive ability and self-reliance.

Lost Orilla.—Your letter is very ridiculous. It is not "good form" to write such a letter to a stranger. Writing denotes thoughtlessness, generosity, vanity, impulse and energy.

Stuff Muff, Hamilton.—Judging from the general tone of your letter I should say that you are discourteous in the extreme. Writing denotes selfishness, self-reliance and much executive ability.

A Mortgage.—I do not answer legal questions. Your tale of trouble arouses my sympathy. I trust you may find a happier future. Writing shows ambition, firmness, a kind disposition and much self-reliance.

A Constant Reader.—What kind of a girl do I think you are? Well, let me see. You are hasty in temper, but I fancy that you would be willing to yield to the wishes of others. You are, moreover, orderly, self-reliant and generous.

Charinda.—A tablespoon of cloudy household ammonia in a basin of water is the best for dark hair. To increase its growth clip and singe the ends monthly and brush it well every day. Writing shows considerable ambition and fondness for flattery.

Satan's Niece.—I don't doubt it. If you and your friends wish your writing criticised you must send more than a line or two, and under the present existment regarding dual language it might be as well for you to write in English if you can.

Madge, Orangeville.—Meddling with superfluous hair is usually attended with evil results. Electricity is said to be the only efficacious method and its application is high-priced. Washing with a strong solution of soda will bleach the hair and then it is not so noticeable. Impulse, variable temperament and decision.

All at Sea.

Steward (appears at door)—Did you ring, sir! Upper Berth Passenger (feebly)—Steward, where are we now!—*Jury.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

WOMEN of FASHION

Do they Abuse the Use of Cosmetics? An Opinion Well Worth Studying. Some Startling Statements.

Harper's Bazar in a leading editorial, says: "An American woman past thirty, who has kept the bloom and brilliancy of her girlhood is almost as rare as the dodo.

"In this country it is not strange that women look to cosmetics to repair the ravages of climate and custom, and that the use of these hazardous aides is rapidly increasing.

"If it were only a question of money wasted and folly enlightened it would not be worth while to preach upon this text, perhaps. But probably nine out of every ten of the cosmetics in market are positively harmful. White lead, bismuth, arsenic and other powerful poisons are the usual base. They impart for a time an artificial bloom, always followed by a darkening and coarsening of the grain of the skin. The habitual use of arsenic in pills, wafers or solution results in a disturbance of the circulation, a weakened action of the heart and not seldom in paralysis."

NOTE.—These are startling statements, and should cause every woman to ponder well before she uses any preparation on her face, where the chances are that she will receive injury following such use. There seems to be but one woman in America who has thoroughly tested cosmetics, and succeeded during her experience in finding an emollient which is absolutely benefacial. Of course our readers will imagine at once that we refer to the Recamier preparations, which were first used by the famous beauty Julie Recamier, the secret of which is now owned by Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, and which are manufactured for sale by her.

We admit that the Recamier preparations are all the vogue; that Adelina Patti, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mme. Modjeska, Sara Bernhardt, Clara Louise Kellogg, and many other such experienced ladies have abandoned all other preparations and only use the Recamiers, because we have seen letters to Mrs. Ayer from them declaring such to be the fact. But it must be borne in mind that they are not strictly cosmetics, such as are referred to above, because Mrs. Ayer has given her word of honor that they contain neither lead, bismuth nor arsenic, and she publishes a certificate from Prof. Stillman, of Stevens Institute, that they contain nothing but that which is allowed by the French Pharmacopiea. There can be no doubt that a woman whose face is tanned, sunburnt, full of pimples, those disgusting blackheads and other imperfections which are caused by our mode of life and the exposures to which we are subjected, must certainly be more or less repulsive, if not absolutely disgusting.

A woman who permits her complexion—her most important feature—to indicate uncleanliness, cannot expect such results. The most ignorant and even deformed woman in the world is attractive to men if she has a beautiful complexion and looks tidy, and the only articles so far discovered and which are used by every woman of fashion are the Recamier preparations.

What they are and why are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but a cosmetic to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the skin. It is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after traveling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from adulteration. It does not contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth nor arsenic, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

Henry A. Mott, Ph. D., LL. D., Member of the London, Paris, Berlin and American Chemical Societies.

Thos. B. Stillman, M. Sc., Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

Peter T. Austen, Ph. D., F. C. S., Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington street east, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, $1.50; Recamier Balm, $1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, $1.50; Recamier Soap, assorted, 50c.; unscented, 25c; Recamier Powder, large boxes, $1.00. Small boxes, 50c.

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Her Lenten Lilies.

"Suddenly, as if arrested b fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning."
—LONGFELLOW.

"A carriage stopping here!" exclaimed little Mrs. Bassett, peeping between the branches of the giant geranium which stood in her front window. "There must be some mistake. Surely the ladies intend to call next door."

But evidently the ladies did not. They had alighted from the landau, and without a glance at the imposing residence of green stone to their right, opened the small wooden gate, and went up between the beds of budding bulbs, crocuses, anemones, hyacinths and tulips. Mrs. Bassett's home was a tiny frame building, which was sadly in need of a coat of paint; but so trimly kept was the bit of a garden, so scrupulously clean the porch and steps, so golden-bright the brass door-bell handle, so dazzlingly polished the windows, above all, so delicate and glowing and beautiful the flowers that bloomed against the background of snowy Swiss curtains, one instinctively felt for it a friendliness which the more majestic mansions around quite failed to awaken.

"I declare," said Mrs. Bassett, taking the glasses off those large, lovely, gray-blue eyes of hers, rubbing them quite vigorously, and then on again, "it is really Mrs. Vandelour, the wife of dear Jack's cousin, and her daughter."

The bell rang. Mrs. Bassett kept no servant. She answered the door herself. The lady at the threshold was tall, pompous, clad with the showy costliness that lacks true elegance. Her nose was very large, her lips were very thin; her brows were so arched they gave to her countenance a constant expression of frigid inquiry; her gray hair was frizzed against the flaring green velvet brim of her bird-bedecked bonnet.

"How do you do, Lavender!" she cried, with effusion, and extending to the mistress of the cottage a short, thick hand incased in a glove of primrose kid. "It was such an age since we had seen you, or even heard of you, that we felt we must really pay you a visit."

Mrs. Bassett experienced a sense of bewilderment. Never since her husband's disappearance two years ago, and her consequent descent from affluence to comparative poverty, had the Vandelours deigned to notice her socially. They had had meetings and interviews relative to certain legal matters, but they had not invited Mrs. Bassett to their house or visited her in hers. So it was not strange she rather questioned the motive of the present unusual attention.

"You are very kind," she said. "Come in." She shook hands with the daughter of her gushing guest, and ushered both ladies into her little parlor. It was the coziest, the daintiest, the most artistic apartment conceivable. Many fine relics of her former life had been retained. The oriental rug, that almost covered the floor, was one; the bookcase of polished rosewood, a long, low, dwarf affair, was a second; the oil portrait of a handsome and gallant-looking man was another. The room was quite guiltless of the hideous productions usually designated fancy work. Instead, there were some good etchings and magazines, for Lavender Bassett was one of those persons who feel they can better sacrifice a few of life's necessaries, or those things that are ordinarily considered such, than some of its luxuries. But the supreme charm of the place was embraced in the bay window. That was a veritable bower of verdure, of bloom, of beauty. Such flowers! only one who loved them dearly could have brought them to their state of absolute perfection. For they all seemed to be in bloom. The tall oleander, with its long, banana-like leaves; the Storm King fuchsia; the veined, olive-leaved and wazen-pink begonia; the creamy Chinese primroses; the brilliant and multi-hued spikes of spicy geraniums. Most exquisite of all, the lilies! Of those, stately, snow-pure, golden-hearted things, there were fully two dozen. Many were in full and splendid bloom; others were in bud; but every one was exquisite, simply that.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Vandelour, bringing her fat hands together with a gasp of amazement, of delight, "Mrs. Delamere did not exaggerate about your Lenten lilies! They are magnificent!"

Mrs. Delamere! Lavender Bassett could hardly repress a smile. Mrs. Delamere was a very wealthy and fashionable lady who lived in the pretentious green stone dwelling which over-shadowed hers. She had called on Mrs. Bassett, and been very kind. She went a great deal into society. She had doubtless chanced to meet Mrs. Vandelour, and had mentioned the success of her neighbor as a florist. But surely a desire to behold some fine flowers would not account for that lady's visit!

"They are pretty," she assented with pardonable pride.

"Pretty! They are superb! I never saw anything like them. Did you, Oriole?"

Oriole, a stoop-shouldered, bilious-looking girl, over-dressed like her mother, was regarding them with envious eyes.

"Never! Oh, mamma, if only—"

Her mother sent her a glance of piercing reproof. The time was not yet ripe.

Half an hour passed. The visitors beamed on Lavender Bassett. She calmly and courteously entertained them. She was such a contrast to them. She was so slender, and gentle, and graceful—so quietly clad. Her gown, of some thick, soft, black stuff, was fashioned with absolute simplicity. There were a few folds of crape at wrists and throat. Her face reminded one of her own precious lilies, so purely pale it was. Her features were delicately regular. Her eyes, dark browed and dark-fringed, had the dreamy, attentive, half brooding look of one who is very near-sighted. And her hair, gleamingly golden, was at once a crown and an aureole. But her expression was one of sadness, the most controlled, intense.

A rather curious story, that of Lavender Bassett's. Married at eighteen to her first and only lover, installed in a charming home of her own, with income sufficient to meet all probable requirements, she was the happiest of women. Two years after her marriage, Jack Bassett was obliged to go west to look up some land in which he was interested. He never returned. Many were the conjectures as to his fate. A great deal of advertising and of searching was done, vainly. Four months after his disappearance his baby girl was born. A couple of hundred dollars to her personal credit at the bank had Mrs. Bassett—that, and her jewels. Otherwise she was unprovided for. One day a lawyer walked on her, explaining, or endeavoring to explain, a very peculiar case. Some old transatlantic relative of her husband had died. His estate, of stupendous value, was willed to Jack Bassett if he could and would fulfill certain erratic requests and conditions. In case he was either unable or unwilling to do do so, the property will pass to another relative, Hermann Vandelour.

The vanishment of young Bassett, the queer complications now resulting, and all the singular features of the affair were popular newspaper themes for several months. The public interest in the matter waned. The case went into the courts, and it was generally conceded that if Jack Bassett did not soon materialize, the decision must be in favor of Vandelour. But Jack Bassett's wife and friends had decided he must be dead. No such steady and home-loving chap as he would willingly remain away from all that was most sacred to him for two years. It stood matters on the day of the Vandelours' visit. As they rose to go the wife of Jack's cousin abruptly made known the cause of he unwonted consideration.

"Lavender," she said, "we are going to have a reception on Easter Monday, and I'm sure you will let us have your lilies. They are the fashionable flowers this year, you know. The florist charge so outrageously for them. Even the rental of them would be enormous at this particular time."

A brief silence ensued. Mrs. Vandelour mistook it for consent.

"Of course, we would send an express wagon for them," she hurried on, vivaciously, "and they would be returned to you in the best of order. They would merely be used for decorating the rooms. Those sea onions and that oleander you might let us have also. They are very effective. And then it would only be necessary for us to purchase some cut flowers. But it is the lilies we particularly require. I do not mind saying in confidence to you that Oriole, being a *debutante* this year, it is all we can manage to keep her in new gowns and entertain for her. Of course it will be all different when this lawsuit is decided in Hermann's favor."

She broke off. She had said too much, and she knew it. Over the sensitive face of little Mrs. Bessett a swift, rosy tide went sweepingly. The final remark had hurt her, but it had not influenced her. Her mind was quite made up before its utterance.

"It is impossible," she said, quietly, "for me to grant your request. You require the lilies for Easter Monday. This is Saturday. By this time to-morrow I shall not have a lily in my possession."

"What!" sharply, "you have sold them in advance?"

The rose-bloom deepened to carnation.

"No. I do not sell my flowers. I give them to the sufferers in the hospitals, and I have been saving my lilies to give on Easter Sunday."

"Then," cried Mrs. Vandelour, in a shrill and angry voice, "I am to understand you prefer beggars to your relations in-law?"

"You are to understand," averred Mrs. Bassett, with the calmness that was so absolutely unruffled by the wrath of her visitors, "that I only give my flowers to those who are otherwise unable to procure them."

It was with black frowns and indignant mutterings that Mrs. Vandelour and her daughter took their departure. Indeed, the latter brushed so rudely by the tiny child of their hostess, she sent the baby staggering against the wall.

Luminously blossomed the Easter dawn. Mrs. Bassett dressed herself somberly as was her wont of late, and went to early church. On her return she cut her lilies. There were twenty-eight in all—a sheaf of marvelous beauty. Leaving Annie with Mrs. Delamere's children, she went to the hospital. There she was known and welcomed. As she passed into the main ward where white cots were ranged, the nurse accompanying her pointed out one particular bed.

"That is a new case since you were here. An odd one too. The man is suffering from prostration, physical and mental. His mind is almost gone. He can recall nothing, remember no one."

A few words of pity passed Lavender's lips. She went on down the ward, leaving on each bed a lily and a message of cheer or comfort. She reached that indicated. She glanced at the patient—leaned forward, looked more searchingly. Her eyes dilated—darkened. Her whole face went white as death. She trembled so violently the lilies she held fell to the floor. Suddenly, with a cry of the most piercing, delirious delight, she reeled forward, fell against the low bed, and flung her arms around him who lay thereon.

"Jack! Jack! Oh, Jack!"

Worn, haggard, bearded, changed, still she knew him.

That cry! That voice! It recalled his dormant faculties, his benumbing brain. He strove to sit erect. The light of conscious sense, of intelligence, of recognition, came into his countenance.

"My wife!" he murmured.

The mendicants returning carrying up. All attention was given the invalid. It was several hours before weak, dazed, blissful Lavender could return home. The news of Jack Bassett's return was soon public property. His recovery was rapid and complete. And to the furious disappointment of the Vandelours, his claim to inheritance of the disputed estate was admitted and established. He could not recall much from the hour he had been beaten and robbed in Dakota, to the moment of his recognition in the city hospital. But little by little the story of his sufferings, of his sad, half-senseless wanderings, transpired.

It is with feelings of the most inexpressible content that this Easter Sur day Jack Bassett and his wife hear the bells of joy peal out.

"Oh, darling," he says, drawing her to him, "if you in your sweet charity had not gone to the hospital to gladden some sorrowful ones, we might never have met. But your face, your voice, had power to draw me back from the verge of insanity, from death in life! But you are crying, dearest!"

It is true. But through the tears her face is radiant with love, gratitude, gladness.

"Listen!" she murmurs; "let another speak my heart for me!"

And then she softly quotes:

"There's not a foolish flower I'll pass,
Or bird through the woodland calling,
So glad again of the coming of rain
As I of these tears now falling—
Those happy tears down falling."

How He Escaped.

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers.

"I did not co in the same pote," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

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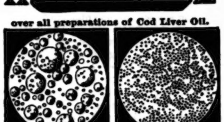

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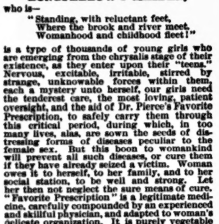

LONGFELLOW'S MAIDEN,
who is—
"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"
is a type of thousands of young girls who are emerging from the chrysalis stage of their existence, and they enter upon their "teens." Nervous, excitable, irritable, stirred by strange, unknowable forces within them, each a mystery unto herself, our girls need the tenderest care, the most loving, patient oversight, and the aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, to safely carry them through this critical period, during which, in too many lives, sins, are sown the seeds of distressing forms of diseases peculiar to the female sex. But this boon to womankind will prevent all such diseases, or cure them if they have already seized a victim. Woman owes it to herself, to her family, and to her social station, to be well and strong. Let her then not neglect the sure means of cure. "Favorite Prescription" is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. Sold by druggists; $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

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and-you will receive it by return post.

The front door of the residence of the Rev. Theodore J. Goodman before his son entered college.

The front door of the residence of the Rev. Theodore J. Goodman after his son's first vacation at home.—*Life.*

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HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
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Music.

On Thursday of last week I attended a concert that was unique in at least one respect. It was at the Parkdale Collegiate Institute, and its singularity consisted of the fact that there was no solo in the programme. The University Glee Club took part, but the imminence of the exams evidently kept many of the young men at home, with a decided effect upon the singing. They were especially weak in the first tenors, and their performance suffered somewhat from this cause. A very satisfactory performance was that of the Glee Club of the Institute, which sang several choruses in very good style, a little hurried and rough here and there perhaps, but still very creditable. The students of the Institute had prepared the Trial Scene from Pickwick and gave a really meritorious performance of this selection, the comic situations being especially well brought out, and considerable dramatic effect being secured. Miss Agnes Knox was very effective in her readings, and her work was loudly applauded. The fine large room was completely filled with an audience that was quick to seize the points of humor and excellence offered by the performers.

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On the same evening a concert was given by the Army and Navy Veterans' Association at which their new band made its first appearance, assisted by a number of talented friends. The band played very well indeed and its efforts offer considerable encouragement to its members to continue in their work and make it one of the favorite bands of the city. It was assisted in several numbers by the band of C Company.

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Large audiences attended the rehearsal and concert given by a select chorus of children from the public schools, numbering some four hundred, under the direction of Mr. A. Thom. Cringan. All hearers unite in praising the singing of the children, and especially the sight-singing, entirely unrehearsed, from manual signs, in which the children sang with certainty and correctness. However the respective merits of the Tonic Sol-fa and the Staff notation may compare, it is beyond question that a system by which such results as those shown on Friday evening can be attained, is worthy of being considered more in the search of knowledge and information, than in a cavilling spirit. In these days when conductors have to waste heart and patience with a chorus that cannot, will not read music, and when they have to hammer "the tune" into dense noddles by ear, all should encourage a system by which both children and grown people seem to insensibly recognize the intervals shown on paper and can at once lighten the conductor's work and worry. The Chautauqua Orchestra gave a good account of itself, and the solos of Mr. Karl Schmidt and Mr. H. L. Clarke met with deserved approbation.

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Mr. Torrington's offer to give three chamber concerts in aid of the University library fund was accepted by the Senate at its meeting last week, and a strong committee was appointed to take charge of the enterprise and carry it to a successful issue.

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Mr. August Anderson, from the Royal Conservatory of Music, Copenhagen, Denmark, has returned to the city and has been engaged on the staff of the Toronto College of Music.

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The Vocal Society has named Tuesday, April 22, as the date of its second concert. The soloists will probably be Miss Ida Young and Dr. Carl E. Martin of New York.

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One of our successful young singers is Miss Kate C. Strong, who is a mezzo soprano of good abilities and very popular. Miss Strong was received with much pleasure at the Catholic Celtic League concert here on March 17.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

A most admirable feature in the acting of Thomas W. Keene is the sincerity and thoroughness of his work. I had the pleasure of seeing him in three out of the four plays which he presented at the Grand last week, and in each play I noticed the same rigorous adherence to the character and conscientious attention to detail. Not for an instant does he relax his grip on the character he assumes. No matter where the action of the play lies, no matter whether he is in it or not he never allows himself to fall back to his own personality and become Thomas Keene. Were Mr. Keene less successful in these attempts of his to live the character for the time being, his efforts would deserve the heartiest commendation. This is genuine stage work. It is an honest attempt to elevate the dramatic art to the level of an ideal. It shows an ambition to win honest distinction in the highest and most honorable walks of the drama. Such effort is, I think, worthy of all commendation. Its rarity is to be deplored. If ever the drama rises to that proud eminence towards which every admirer of the art of Shakespeare is looking, it must be by the united efforts of idealists, who fix their eyes aloft and spare neither toil nor strength to attain to the very summit of their capabilities. Mr. Keene did not rise to his present honorable position on the tragic stage by sheer force of genius. On the contrary, I think that his powers just fall short of the powers of genius. A bright intelligence and faithful endeavor have placed him where he now stands. The faithful work which has raised him is still plainly discernible in his acting, and is likely to make him in the future even more worthy of praise.

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Mr. Keene has made a special study of Louis XI. during this season. I think his playing in this character was the most finished and powerful piece of work I have seen him do. The play, as most people know, centers on the development of the character of the king. It is largely a character sketch. The action is slight and serves only to develop the central figure, consequently it entail very heavy work on the leading player. Notwithstanding the exacting nature of the *role*, Mr. Keene rendered it throughout with rare skill and discretion. It was thought by many that he would be too robust to successfully impersonate the feebleness of the old monarch. I think the tendency to rant with which Mr. Keene was once credited has been almost entirely overcome. In the frenzied parts of Louis XI. his natural strength of voice was every time made subservient to the demands of the character. The craftiness, the hypocrisy, the superstition, the baseness, the cowardice, the throughly repulsive ness and utter depravity of the character were wrought out powerfully and effectively and the death of such a combination of evil was portrayed as realistically as most people want to see. I was glad to see Mr. Keene's performances so well patronized. It is creditable to a city in these degenerate days to see the "standing-room-only' sign out at a performance of classic drama. We have yet a soul above a leg show or a farce comedy. Mr. George Learock was the most notable player in Mr. Keene's support. Mr. Learock is a very capable actor of romantic roles. He has a handsome stage presence and a rich voice, which, however, is rather unmanageable.

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W. J. Scanlan has a happy knack of ingratiating himself into one's heart with his handsome face, his bright smile and his pretty romantic songs. When he appeared at the Grand Opera house on Monday night he was greeted by a houseful of people. When his performance came to an end a houseful of pleased and happy people poured into the street. This argues well for any company of players and for any play. Myles Aroon is however a play that is more likely to please the public than to receive much attention from the critics. It has little dramatic value. It is an ultra-romantic play of the Boucicault school. The hero, Myles, is a gardener in the employ of Lady Glover. Lady Glover is a young widow with one little daughter. The little girl is on excellent terms with Myles, the gardener, who swings her and sings for her when he is not making love to her nurse-maid Maggie Farrell. The plot turns upon the loss by Lady Glover of a valuable bracelet, which is picked up by Squire Thurston, a hard-up young blade, who wishes to marry her ladyship. By collusion with the head gardener, Mike Carney, who detected him picking up the bracelet and who cordially hates Myles Aroon, it is decided to throw the blame of the theft on Myles. In consequence Myles is discharged from his situation and is only kept out of jail by the clemency of Lady Glover, who refuses to believe him guilty. Myles having tasted the fruits of adversity, sets about to clear the stain off his name. This is done by a series of actions which are much more pleasing to the sympathetic spectator than they are probable. By impersonating a witch he hears a confession from Mike Carney, which sets him on the right track and enables him finally to bring the squire and his confederate to justice and to reinstate himself in the confidence of his friends.

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On the playbill is given this selection by Mr. Scanlan, from Pendennis, "I hope there is no degree of age or experience to which mortal may attain, when he shall become such a glum philosopher as not to be pleased by the sight of happy youth." This text seems to have never been lost sight of in putting Myles Aroon on the stage. From the first of the performance to the last the brightness and buoyancy of youth sustain the most improbable parts of the story from going under. The introduction of the little girl, the courtship of Myles and Maggie, the love making of Gerald Fosdyke and Lady Glover, the grotesque amorous antics of Mr. Pat Phelan and the larkings of the Irish colleens, keep the bright tide of youthful spirits at the flow during the whole course of the performance. When the personality of Scanlan fits into this sort of thing so well that one must needs be a misanthrope to fail to enjoy it. The company is well chosen and gives an efficient support. Mr. Thaddeus Shine in the character of Mike Carney was excellent. His delineation of one species of Irish character, dialect and all, would be difficult to surpass. Mr. Robert McNair in the more farcical character of Pat Phelan was very humorous. Mr. Charles Mason and Mr. Edward Mawson took the parts of Squire Thurston and Gerald Fosdyke very well, and the *roles* of Lady Glover and Maggie Farrell did not suffer in the hands of Miss Helen Weathersby and Miss Mattie Ferguson. The performance on the whole was the best I think that Scanlan has given us yet.

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The Conreid English Opera Company close the week at the Grand, appearing in The King's Pool and The Gypsy Baron.

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At Jacobs & Sparrow's this week Oliver Byron's company playing Across the Continent has done good business. This popular play has been before the public for many years and is still drawing. It never was a play of the first-class, but is far from being the worst of its kind and contains many features which catch and hold a popular audience. Its humor is rough but effective, and it has sensationalism enough to make it exciting. Mr. Oliver Byron himself plays the leading part with much spirit and cleverness. He is supported by a fairly good company. Charles Mason and Max Miller in their negro and Dutch specialties are rapturously received.

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The Two Johns will be the attraction at Jacobs & Sparrow's all next week with a special matinee on Good Friday. The funny performance given by this pair of fat men here last season will long be remembered by all who saw it. This season the Boston *Herald* says of the play: "Never before has it had a better presentation, and the many new things added make the piece an almost entirely new one. The leading characters in the piece are Philip and Peter Johns. Perhaps there are no actors on the stage so big, physically, as these two gentlemen, certainly none any bigger. They both tip the scales beyond the 300 pounds mark, and their make-up before the foot-lights and natural appearance are so much alike that one can scarcely tell them apart. As they are both constantly engaged in doing something, and never meet till nearly the end of the piece, the confusion furnishes much amusement. The new and sparkling jokes and witty sayings, pretty songs and funny situations were heartily and deservedly appreciated."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Julia Marlowe is about to essay the part of Imogen in Cymbeline.

William Gillette has an average income of $15,000 per year, derived mainly from his play, Held by the Enemy.

The Mayor of Chicago is about to begin a crusade against the bill boards, which at present it is said make that city look like a little western four corners.

Henry Guy Carleton's new play, The Pembertons, in which Manager J. M. Hill brought out his new star, Miss Cora Edsall, has not been very successful and has been laid on the shelf for this season.

An old lady who witnessed a production of The Merchant of Venice many years ago, went again recently to see the story of Shylock enacted upon the stage. Upon her return home she was asked how she liked it. "Well," she said, "Venice seemed to have spruced up some since the first time I saw it, but Shylock's just the same mean, ordinary thing he was forty years ago."

In Boston this week Miss Maude Banks made her *rentree* in her own tragedy of Joan of Arc, representing therein the heroine, a part in which she did herself so much credit before. It is said that the play is cast in a romantic mould and there is in it much writing which is good as well as effective, while the *role* of Joan is very favorable for the sympathetic declamatory style in which Miss Banks chiefly excels.

Olive Logan, in her racy volume concerning women and theaters, recalls some incidents in the career of the elder Booth.

"Strangely enough," says the observant Olive, "Mr. Booth's artistic powers were as strong when he was intoxicated as when he was quite sober. Many ever that his sober Richard was a tame and puerile thing compared to the noisy Richard of perhaps a hundred cups.

"When I was a little girl Booth was once playing in conjunction with my sister in Memphis, and she sent me one night to deliver some message to him on the stage. The curtain had not yet risen, but I found Mr. Booth standing at the back of the stage, inside the tomb of the Capulets, for the nonce unoccupied by any defunct member of that illustrious house. I approached him timidly and delivered my message; whereupon, starting up with the graceful spring of a tiger disturbed, he hissed out:

"'Avaunt! and quit my sights! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!'

"Any one who has seen Booth and remembers the terrible intensity of his voice, the wonderful crescendo which he placed on the word *gla-a-a-re!* in this sentence will not be surprised to learn that a weak, sickly little girl should have toppled straight over in a dead swoon at hearing it so unexpectedly and unjustly addressed to herself in the semi-darkness of the Capulet tomb. It is needless to say that the great tragedian was intoxicated."

Art and Artists.

Julian Ralph, writing about New York artists and their models, gives some facts which will be of interest to those who are familiar with their work. He says: "The earnings of the best artists vary, but not so much as might be supposed. E. A. Abbey is said to make between $15,000 and $20,000 a year. His drawings for She Stoops to Conquer are valued at about $20,000. He is as well liked in England as here, and expects to make that country his home. C. S. Reinhart makes about $10,000 a year. Thure de Thulstrup, who is under contract to furnish a page or double page to *Harper's Weekly* every week, is earning about $10,000 a year with his pencil. William Chase must do at least as well, and could make more if he cared to. He has the finest studio in the country, with a darkey at the door and a wondrous museum of bric-a-brac inside. He goes to Holland to study Hals, or to Madrid to perfect his knowledge of Velasquez, every year. Charles Jay Taylor, of *Puck* and *Harper's*, studies as hard now that he is making $8 000 a year as he did when he began his career. Arthur Burdett Frost, who got a fortune with, as well as in, his wife, is now the strongest man in picturing American contemporary life. He, too, makes about $8,000, but he has a separate income of $40,000 a year. Harry Fenn, a pupil of Birket Foster, used to get $10,000 a year from the Appletons for his work on Picturesque America. In American scenery drawing no one is his superior. He probably earns $10,000 now by general work, and so does Alfred Parsons, whose little country bits often appear with Abbey's work. Black and white is now the most profitable line of artist work in this country. Water color and oil work are a trifle stagnant, particularly the production of American colorists.

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The Tile Club is the richest of the artists' *coteries*. Its leading members are Stanford White, W. Mackey Laffan, Frederick Dielman, Swayne Gifford, Alden Weir, William M. Chase, C. W. Truslow, George H. Boughton, E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons. There are only twenty in all. They mainly inhabit one grand room which is one of the art treasures of the city. The Tiles meet every Wednesday night amid the beautiful pictures that cover the walls, to smoke, drink beer, eat beef steaks of their own cooking and to talk about whatever they please. They have no president and no other officers and very few rules. For the holidays they produced a book of their own pictures, the sale of which was limited and the cost of which was as high as the merit of the plates. The proceeds will keep them going for a long while.

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The principal other artist club is the Salmagundi which meets every Friday night in a big apartment house called the Benedick on Washington square. It is considered a very great honor and certainly is a novel experience to be invited to attend one of these meetings. At times half or perhaps nearly all of the famous artists in the country gather there to chaff and smoke and dine and drink together. Ritchie, the steel engraver; C. J. Taylor, one of the most promising men in the profession; Thulstrup, of *Harper's*, who is both a soldier and artist; Abbey, the highest priced man of all; and Reinhart, who is trying to catch up with Abbey, and, in fact, all the men whose names we see in the magazines and the Academy catalogues face each other on these nights around a long pine table. In front of each one is tacked on with thumb tacks a sheet of coarse drawing paper, and it is the duty of each to produce a picture of some sort or other during the night, whether it be in crayon, water color, or black and white. A regular Bohemian repast, consisting more largely of pipes and beer than of food, distinguishes these occasions. Very merry times the artists have when thus brought together. In fact, the only true Bohemian life now existing in this city is that of the artists. Newspaper writers, and even purely literary men have been disciplined and harnessed into the routine existence of so many clerks, but the artists still have a free and untrammeled, still believe in genius, and still do most of their work as the humor takes them.

The Graceful Minuet.

The minuet which Strauss is about to introduce to the partial exclusion of his own waltz, was the first ball dance which had a really world-wide popularity. It is a slow, dignified dance, an appropriate product of the time and place of its birth. It is very old. When Don Juan d'Austria went incognito from Brussels to Paris nothing he saw during his famous trip excited his admiration half so much as the grace with which the beautiful Marzaret of Burgundy danced the minuet. Other beaus and titled dandies of the same period also put in writing flattering allusions to the beauties of this dance. Nevertheless, it is exceedingly doubtful if the minuet of those times was the original model of the minuet of to-day.

The minuet, which very recently has appeared in the Parisian salons, was invented by the French ballet master, Gardel, or rather was evolved by him from a much older dance for the celebration of the marriage of King Louis XVI. "Minuet of the Queen" is the title which the gallant Gardel gave to his new dance in honor of Marie Antoinette. The figures of a dance of the time of Louis XIV, were utilized by Gardel as the basis of his new minuet. The old dance, with which every court ball of Louis XIV. was opened, consisted mostly therein that the gentleman and the lady faced each other, moved a few steps forward and backward in time with dignified and sonorous music, bowed deeply and returned to their places. This dance was called the "Branle." It was succeeded by the gavotte, in which "the gentleman kissed the bouquet of flowers, and with a deep bow handed it to his partner." From the gavotte Gardel derived the minuet. The famous dancing master, Pecourt, introduced an important innovation by changing the S figure into the Z figure, which is still danced. The minuet is the only dance which preserves the courtly dignity of the old regime, and therefore has ever been regarded as the most aristocratic of dances. The most popular of minuet music is from the first finale of Mozart's Don Juan. This music is the model of all other music to which the minuet has been danced of late years.

Or Which!

He was wandering up and down Yonge street with a sort of lost air about him when he finally turned aside and inquired of a man standing in a doorway:

"Say; I don't know but you'll think I'm half fool, but I want something and can't for the life of me remember what it is."

"Well?"

"It's something you sharpen a knife on."

"Oh, you want a whetstone."

"Ah! that's it—that's it! The name went out of my mind, and I couldn't think of it to save my neck. You it's a whetstone, and I guess I can find one next door. Much obliged."

He walked into the store with a bland smile, and as a clerk came forward he said:

"I want a—a—"

"What is it, sir?"

"Gosh all hemlock, but I'm the biggest fool in York County! I had the name of it ten seconds ago, but she's gone agin."

"Perhaps it will come."

"Let's see! Let's see! Hum. Hum. Mighty queer. I must be gitting purty old. Oh! I've got it! What do you use a whetstone for?"

"To sharpen axes with."

"Hm! Axes! Don't seem as if I wanted an axe. Might be, though. Well, gimme one, anyhow. If I git home and find it was knitting needles, flat irons, or a rat trap I'll have to take it out in jawing the hired man and licking the steers."

Got It Down to a Fine Point.

Jones (to new office boy)—Bob, take this letter around to Mr. Smith. If he isn't in, leave it in his office, where it will attract his attention as soon as he comes back. It is very important.

Jones (fifteen minutes later)—Bob, did you deliver that letter to Mr. Smith?

Bob—Naw; he wasn't in an' nobody else was in der office.

Jones—Well, what did you do with it?

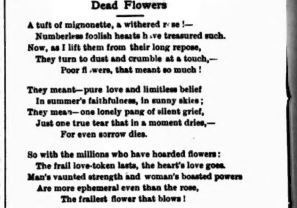
Bob—You tol' me to git it where he'd notice it first thing he comes in, an' I stuck a pin t'rough it an' laid it on his chair, so's to attract his attention.—*The Jury.*

Blind Tom's Memory.

By way of compensation for the loss of any other of the faculties, Nature frequently increases the memoric power of the person thus afflicted, and this was true to an astonishing measure of Blind Tom, the negro pianist. His ability to recall the relations of time and place was the wonder of all who knew him. Once an Episcopal clergyman, bound for Europe on the same steamer with the blind musician, met him on deck, and in the course of a three minutes' conversation repeated the Virgilian line:

Cœlum undique et undique pontus.

[The sky and sea are all about us.] The two men did not meet again until ten years afterward, when, on the occasion of an entertainment given by the pianist in a western city, the clergyman went up softly behind him during an intermission, and said simply: "How are you, Tom?" "Ah! Mr. Corwyn," replied the blind man; "*Cœlum undique et undique pontus.*" Perhaps a hundred thousand people had met Blind Tom since the meeting on board ship, and as many different voices had sounded in his ears, yet his exquisite sense of time had preserved in his memory the exact tones of the clergyman's voice.



Dead Flowers

A tuft of mignonette, a withered rose!—
Numberless foolish hearts have treasured such.
Now, as I lift them from their long repose,
They turn to dust and crumble at a touch,—
Poor flowers, that meant so much!

They meant—pure love and limitless belief
In summer's faithfulness, in sunny skies;
They meant—one lonely pang of silent grief,
Just one true tear that in a moment dries,—
For even sorrow dies.

So with the millions who have hoarded flowers:
The frail love-token lasts, the heart's love goes.
Man's vaunted strength and woman's boasted powers
Are more ephemeral even than the rose,
The frailest flower that blows!

A withered rose, a tuft of mignonette!—
How passing weak must be the human heart!
For these outlive even love, outlast regret,
Abide even when grim pale, with blunted dart,
Makes ready to depart.

GEORGE BARLOW in *Lippincott's.*

The Rose and the Fern

Lady, life's sweetest lesson would'st thou learn,
Come thou with me to Love's enchanted bower:
Hither conceal thy brilliant roses burn,
Beneath thy fees behind the feathery fern,—
A leaf without a flower.

What though the rose leaves fall? They still are sweet,
And have been lovely in their beauteous prime,
While the bare frond seems ever to repeat,
"For us no bud, no blossom wakes to greet
The joyous flowering time!"

Heed thou the lesson. Life has leaves to tread,
And flowers to cherish; summer round thee glows;
Wait not till autumn's fading robes are shed,
But while its petals still are burning red
Gather life's full-blown rose!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES in *Atlantic Monthly.*

A Wise Maiden and a Foolish One.

There was a young woman, as I have been told,
Who worried for fear she was looking too old;
One day she discovered a tiny gray hair
And a little wee wrinkle—which ought to be there.

So, all in a panic, she hastened to try
Hair washes, and tonics and tweezers and dye
She plastered her features with lotions and cream
And put on a mask when she ventured to dream.

Enamels and balms and skin-powders she tried,
All stuffs that rejuvenate too, were applied,
But, somehow—as happens to all in that case,
She quicker advanced on her beauty and grace.

Each gaze in the mirror showed plainly the truth.
Instead of restoring or holding her youth
She made herself older and shortened her days
By trying those arts that are useless always.

Another young woman, as I have been told,
Gave never a thought to herself growing old;
She didn't go hunting to find a gray hair
Or wrinkles or "crow's feet" that, may be, were there.

She looked on the merry, bright side of life,
She didn't seek troubles or worries or strife,
She courted the sunshine, she never repined
And always kept busy in body and mind.

Being true to Dame Nature, that ever good dame
The truest of friends and protectors became,
And so that young woman, as I have been told,
Lived nigh to a hundred—and never felt "old."

Now, of these young women, 'tis easy to say
Which chosen wisely the happier way
Of keeping the health and the beauty and grace
That going 'gainst Nature so soon will efface.

H. C. DODGE.

The Lost Chord Found.

We stood alone in the choir loft,
By the organ tall and grim,
While over the keys her fingers
Followed her own sweet whim;
I spoke of the coming parting
And pleaded one farewell kiss,
But her modest wish forbade me
Lest the sexton old might list.
Then I struck on the organ a strong, full chord
And on its echoes clet,
In the twilight dim of the old gray church
I kissed my promised bride.

We stood again at the organ,
When many years had fled;
But she thought me grown cold and heartless,
And I thought her old love dead.
I spoke of our last fond parting,
Of the chord and its tender tide;
And how, like the sound of that music,
Our love had throbbed and died,
Then my heart leaped up with a great, glad bound
And forgot its recent pain,
For she blushed and, dropping her lashes, said:
"Could you find me that chord again?"

For You

A thought! a thought! for the rosy morn
That comes thro' the gates of dew!
But I'll keep a kinder, happier thought
For twilight and for you.

A word! a word! for the humming bird,
A lilt on the jasamine new!
Will my lip let slip, but my heart will keep
Its softest words for you.

A song! a song! for the mocking bird,
In answer to his so true!
But you know right well I will always keep
My sweetest songs for you,

A kiss! a kiss! for the sweet red rose
And one for the violet blue!
But standing here at the garden gate
I'll keep back one for you.

A sigh! a sigh! for my pale white rose,
That the chilling night wind slew!
But I answer you when the lilies say—
I am sighing most for you.

A Pronounced Difference.

When gentle woman meets grim grief,
And for her woes see no relief,
Nor aught her aching heart to cheer,
She throws her sorrow in a tear.

But man, when every sky is lowering,
Nor deigns to clear for all his glowering,
How flees he then from hateful care!
He drowns his sorrow in a tear.

Noted People.

Minister Adams has been appointed American Consul at Berne.

Edmund Gosse, the poet and critic, intends paying another visit to America in the autumn, it is said.

Martin F. Tupper's daughter has been put on the civil list by the English Government for a pension of $375 a year.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, was entertained in New York by the members of the Sorosis Club, of which she was made an honorary member.

Rosa Bonheur is sixty-seven. She says she still has work enough in her mind to fill two lifetimes. She sold her latest picture for more than ten thousand dollars.

Robert Louis Stevenson will not return to this country to live but will settle permanently in Samoa, where his health is good and where he has purchased several hundred acres of land.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler will soon return from Europe, and will spend the summer at Newport. It was reported that Mrs. Chanler said she would never write another book, but would depend for fame on art.

Bliss Carmen has been appointed assistant editor of the New York *Independent*. The *Century* has published many of his poems. He is a native of Fredericton and a cousin of Professor C. G. D. Roberts.

General von Caprivi, the new German chancellor, is described as a dashing man, blending German thoroughness with Southern fire. Emperor William likes to have big men about him, and this new chancellor will suit him for he is a tower of strength.

M. Gounod, best known to the public as the composer of Faust, but the author as well of a whole library of music, is a man of intense religious feeling. He has gradually become more and more ascetic in his habits, until he now lives almost the life of a hermit, and it is feared that he may deny himself the delight of further musical composition as too worldly and self-indulgent an employment.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George have been visiting the German Emperor. Two years ago the heir-apparent and his nephew were not on speaking terms. Now all is changed. State and family dinners follow one another in delightful succession. British standards float with German flags about the palace grounds. Troops are paraded and the Emperor moves the Fatherland to do honor to his illustrious uncle.

The Duchess of Portland is bent upon showing the world that *une grande dame* is not necessarily a mere fashionable lady. Her Grace, a short time ago, presented herself for examination among the candidates for the medal of the St. John Ambulance Association. The examiners have awarded her a certificate which proclaims her ability to cope with "cases of wounds, fractures, arterial bleeding, insensibility, drowning, burns and poisoning." The Duchess' skill may stand her friends in good stead some day upon the hunting field.

Miss Anna Shaw was one of a company of women who appeared before the House of Delegates at Annapolis recently. Miss Shaw was addressing the House in connection with the passage of a temperance act when a youthful delegate took a seat in front of her and began to smoke. Miss Shaw took occasion to remark that it could not be improper for women to come into the presence of gentlemen. In speaking she looked at the youthful member. The rest of the House followed her eyes. He became uneasy, left his seat and hurried from the chamber.

On one occasion Mark Twain was standing against a lamp post and holding a cigar box under his arm. Mrs. Edward Poole, a very beautiful woman, and as bright and as witty as beautiful, came along and stopped and held out her hand, saying, "Why, Mark, where are you going in such a hurry?" "I'm m-o-o-v-i-n-g," drawled Mark, at the same time opening the cigar box, disclosing a pair of blue socks, a pipe and two paper collars. He had never cared for the ladies, was, in fact, a fish out of water when he happened to be near them. While employed on the daily *Alta*, having secured employment there after leaving the *Call*, he called at a dressmaker's establishment, and for ten minutes addressed a wax figure of a lady before discovering his mistake.

Erastus Wiman is one of the few prominent men in business who obey the precept about "early to bed and early to rise." If one were near his house on the hill between St. George and Tompkinsville any of these mornings before four o'clock it is likely that not a beam of light could be seen coming from any of the windows. But as soon as the clock strikes four Mr. Wiman is up from bed and has his lamps lighted, and is soon hard at work over some speech he is soon to deliver, or some pamphlet, magazine article, or other paper he is preparing. His mail is brought from New York on one of the first trips of the Staten Island boats, and his private secretary is on hand, too. Mr. Wiman breakfasts at 7:30, but often before that hour he has gone through his letters. He takes the 8 o'clock boat for the Battery, and during the passage dictates replies to his correspondents. One morning recently he had fifty answers dictated before the Battery was reached. It is generally 9 o'clock when he gets to his desk on Broadway, and from then until 1 or 2 he is engrossed in his many enterprises. He takes two hours for luncheon, partly because he wants to give himself a rest and partly because he often has stranger guests in town whom he wishes to take to the Merchants' Club for a talk and bit to eat and drink. But the busy man is almost always back at his office for an hour or two of work. Then he drops it for the rest of the day. He is sure to be back at Staten Island by 6:30 for dinner. This is a jolly gathering. There are frequent guests, a number of young folks, and the conversation is made as much a feature as are any of the dishes. When it is over Mr. Wiman reads the papers or gives himself up altogether to his family or does anything else that doesn't savor of business. At 9:30 he is off to bed, and by 10 o'clock the dream gods are telling him what a great place Staten Island will be in twenty-five years.

Good-Bye Bananaland.---No. 6.

IN the hotel we had a good deal of fun over the organization of an Uncle Tom's Cabin combination. A number of the gentlemen loafing around the office inquired if I had ever played Uncle Tom, my ostentatious piety, complexion and the peculiar manner in which I hobbled along with a cane doubtless suggesting a decrepit darkey such as usually talks theology to the accompaniment of a brass band orchestra, assisted in the background by a bloodhound and live donkey. Mr. Smith the clerk, ordinarily so nice, was particularly forward and inappropriate in the jokes he made about my fitness for this historic character, and a gentleman named Housum, from Decatur, Illinois, insisted on regarding me as the hero of Mrs. Stowe's romance. Mr. Housum is no blonde himself. He had been out fishing until his complexion, badly injured in the war, had become a poor pancake brown. When a joke gets started in a winter resort hotel, no matter how inappropriate, lame and footsore it is, one has to accept the inevitable and thereafter I was burdened with the name "Uncle Tom." To get even I arranged the following table, and the majority of those whose names are mentioned met several times for rehearsal without doing much more than becoming familiar with the most approved methods of dramatic kicking:

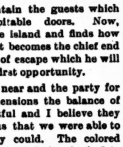
Little Eva	C. P. Housum of Decatur, Ill., introducing Wild & Wooly Western Dutch Specialties in the last tableau.
Lawyer Marks	Dr. F. T. Rogers of Providence, R. I., with headsplitting eye and ear specialties.
Legree	S. S. Morton, proprietor of the Royal Victoria, accompanied by a full chorus of waiters and "a yellow-tail-snapper" whip.
Eliza Crossing the Ice	Alex. Morton, calling in his sleigh to Canada J. A. Fuller, his three cushions and the stately and stately lady on the ground floor.
Aunt Ophelia	George Dittmar of New York, "Notabilities," dire and in a sea foam and white calico pinny, stunning costumes and new gags
Topsy	George W. Orris of Orris Bros.' circus, Mexico City.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, SHOWING THE MAMMOTH SILK COTTON TREE.

The Angels	Those in the hotel and in all energy, introducing "McGinty" and other novelties.
The Bloodhound	Mr. Clerk Smith of the Royal Victoria, who will present Eliza, Little Eva, Legree and others in the audience with their bills, and refuse to make reductions while they die to slow music
The Donkey	By Passenger Agent, Ward Line, New York.

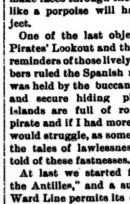
We found many difficulties in perfecting our arrangements. Little Eva insisted on having the candy privilege of the show. It was pointed out to him that the illusion would be spoiled, if after she died, he came to life again and peddled peanuts and lemonade among the audience. We urged that if he had to scramble back on the stage and stand on a barrel wrapped up in a sheet in the tableau, no imagination would be strong enough to believe him to be Little Eva in Heaven. He protested that he expected to make more selling his photographs than out of her salary, and we had to yield. Lawyer Marks too wanted to charge at professional rates for his specialties and Legree would not do a tap unless he got dining-room prices for everything he did. Eliza swore he wasn't going to lug the guests around at $21 per week and be $10 a ton unless in a buggy. So we had to promise him a horse and cutter in which to do his Eliza act. The way Aunt Ophelia kicked was worse still. He wanted us to provide him with six dresses—60 yards to the dress—and permit him to sell rum to the gentlemen who went out between acts. Little Eva started this "fake" business and spoiled Aunty, so we had to consent.

People get mighty well acquainted with each other's business in a very short time when they have nothing to do but hang around a hotel and compare notes with their neighbors. One of the guests was very reticent and it took three days to find out where he came from and it was nearly a week before we knew whether he was married and what business he was in. A committee of the ladies prepared a series of questions leading up to these important points and divided the interrogations amongst them, made their inquiries somewhat disconnectedly so as to avoid suspicion, and finally found out that he ran a soap factory west of Chicago, and had a wife and eight children. He intimated that he was willing to tell them his disease, but avoided the subject for some reason or other. As a matter of fact, he was a Connecticut lawyer, and was down there resting for a little while after a severe attack of the grip. Taken all around I think curiosity is the leading weakness of a society constituted as ours was, and to satisfy it the majority of people told a great many stories which could not be verified. As the time drew near for the next steamer—everything happens with reference to the last steamer or the next one—a party of fourteen arranged to go on south to Cuba and thence to Florida. Those who intended to remain at Nassau used their best powers of persuasion to induce us not to go, and failing, some of them joined in our purpose. It is really hard in a company of seventy or eighty to forsake your companions who plead that the weather and pleasures of Nassau are superior to those in any other part of the earth, but one does get awfully tired of being shut up on a little island where there are no letters, newspapers, telegrams or passing steamers oftener than once a fortnight. At one time a steamship line connected Nassau with Florida, but it did not pay and I am told that the hotel people were glad when it closed down as people were not compelled to make such long stays as previously and at present. I think they were wrong. If one could get in and out of Nassau without having to go round Cape Hatteras and suffer two days and a half of seasickness and one of nausea, more people would go and, having been there, would not make a solemn vow never to go again. If there was a weekly service from Florida, the Royal Victoria could not contain the guests which would seek its hospitable doors. Now, when one arrives at the island and finds how hard it is to get away, it becomes the chief end of his life to fix a plan of escape which he will carry into effect at the first opportunity.



As steamer day drew near and the party for Cuba enlarged its dimensions the balance of the guests looked wistful and I believe they were absolutely envious that we were able to get away before they could. The colored gentlemen who superintended the shark fishing and voyages to the Sea Gardens became more pressing in their invitations. I forgot to tell you about shark fishing. Bathing in the surf on the other side of Hog Island is spoiled by the presence of sharks and it is dangerous to go in swimming even in the harbor last one of these monsters or a shoal of them take it into their heads to make a meal off you. It is said that many expeditions have gone after sharks but one has never been caught. I know better. The body of a cow who died a tragic death was towed out a couple of miles beyond the bar and the colored captain of the fishing boat harpooned a great big fellow and towed him in to the park landing. All the strangers in Nassau went down to see the ugly fish, which was about fourteen feet long, and had a mouth on him which would easily hold half a full grown man. Though the harpoon had been stuck clear through his body, and the blood welled from the wounds at every breath, he was still alive and ugly as he lay on the stone steps. A number of the negro bystanders amused themselves by kicking him in the eyes, and as the result of their attentions, he would bring his jaws together with startling force. I brought the backbone of a shark home with me bent in the shape of a U. It was tied around the back of my steamer chair and was a very odd looking affair, resembling a pock marked bamboo more than the vertebræ of a fish.

The Sea Gardens are a favorite resort. They lie between two coral reefs and the tourists are taken there in little sloops attached to which are small boats with glass bottoms. Looking down through the glass and the emerald water the bottom of the sea is as distinct as if it were only a couple of feet from the boat. Sponges, sea ferns, odd coral formations, brilliantly colored fish swimming about unconscious of your presence, make it one of the most memorable things to be found in or about Nassau. One who has not seen it cannot believe how strange it looks. Divers who accompany the boats, on being shown any object you desire, will spring overboard, walk about on the bottom, come up and make faces through the glass and then puffing like a porpoise will hand you the coveted object.



One of the last objects I visited was the Pirates' Lookout and the Home of Blackbeard, reminders of those lively times when the sea robbers ruled the Spanish main and high carnival was held by the buccaneers. The many inlets and secure hiding places afforded by the islands are full of romantic stories of the pirate and if I had more space at my disposal I would struggle, as some time I may, to add to the tales of lawlessness and love which are told of these fastnesses.

At last we started for Cuba, "the Gem of the Antilles," and a sultry start it was. The Ward Line permits its officers to summon the passengers several hours sooner than necessary, and the tender was crowded for a long time before we put out to the as. Santiago, lying outside the bar—a position and line of conduct which our medical adviser said reminded him very much of a gentleman he once knew in Decatur, Illinois. The sun beat down upon us with all its tropical might, and we roasted and grumbled till at last we sailed away. A letter from a friend tells me that the last steamer from Nassau left the island while the thermometer was 58° and, for two days before reaching New York, had her deck and sides sheeted with ice. Remembering our last cruise in the harbor I can hardly believe it, for on January 20 a man would have been half-broiled in a straw hat and linen duster.

The Santiago is a smaller ship than the Cienfuegos and built on the same plan, but somehow is more comfortable. The steward is more polite, the cooking better and the crew more genial. With regret we watched the white walls and graceful palms of Nassau sink behind the reef. In other sections of the world I had visited nothing fairer than Bananaland had been found, and if I had been in condition to enjoy the beauties of New Providence doubtless I had sung its praises in a happier key. It matters not how gentle are the winds or how warm and sweetly scented the air if amidst such beauty man alone is feeling vile with rheumatism.

The Ward Line guide books tell us that after we leave Nassau the sea is calm and sickness unknown because of the sheltered channel, the course of the ship lying among the islands and protected from the storm. We got a table for ourselves and a merry party it was—for the first night. The dinner was excellent and we were happy and full of fun for the two and a half days we were to spend on the water before reaching the old Cuban city of Santiago. The gentle lady with the heavy coils of snow-white hair was delighted because for the first time at sea she was not sick and her dark-haired companion was so confident of a good time that she sympathized with me for not being able to enjoy it. The doctor, who was their medical attendant, played with his two little boys, Bob and Aleck, and the rest of the party was so good-natured that they listened to Mr. Housum's jokes without asking their age or showing the incredulity they felt. Next morning, alas, like Mrs. Hubbard's cupboard the table was bare, or at least the majority of the chairs were empty. The good ship Santiago was bobbing up and down like a row-boat in the wake of a big steamer, and the gay party from Nassau was prostrated and I had to be sole auditor of the gentleman from Decatur, Illinois, whose stock of stories held out till I left him in Florida where he is still holding spellbound those who pause to hear.

Next week I'll tell you of our trip and of Cuba. DON.

Our Correspondence Club.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

SIR,—You forget, or more likely, you are probably not aware, that the *French language* is spoken at the *Court of Queen Victoria* fully as much as *English*—*French* (I am told) is also the *Court* language of *Belgium*.

In fact any *well-read, cultured* person, and who has traveled through Europe and been in good society, will tell you without hesitation that *English* and *French* are *the two languages of the world.*

I presume you can understand the meaning of that last phrase!

Countless languages are spoken throughout this vast universe, yet those *two* shall *always predominate.*

I have heard many persons in England, Scotland and Canada say they would give a great deal could they but speak French fluently—not *German*—not *Hindoostanee*—not *Italian*—but *French.*

Were it possible to consult Her Majesty of England on this too absurd and silly McCarthy Bill she would reply: "By all means *retain* the *French language* in my North-west Territories.

Why, the two mottoes on the British Arms are French! Many of the mottoes on the coats of arms of the English, Irish and Scotch nobility are *French!* Besides one cannot take up a fashionable novel or literary work, or note without coming across whole sentences in that most universally understood language. Even the *common press*, and your own paper, use it continually as being so much *more expressive* than English.

Until lately I, and a great many others, always considered you a rather broad-minded, liberal man, but you are just as narrow-minded, bigoted and *incomprehensibly inconsistent* (judging from your expressions on the first page of your 22nd Feb. issue) as Messrs. McCarthy and Charlton; so be are, with all their might and main, *trying down* "Ezra Russell" *Certainly—surely* they do NOT *understand* the true meaning of their own motto.

I am, sir, Yours, etc., etc.,

25th February, 1890. M. A. H.

Dear Madam,—I have taken the liberty of publishing your letter of the 25th ult., in this new department, for which it was not intended. Your letter was addressed to me as if for publication, but I do not give your signature in full, because I am printing it just as you wrote it, as a suggestion to some of those who jeer at the supposed ignorance of the editor while betraying a considerable lack of knowledge themselves. You intimate that I am not conversant with the languages spoken at the Court of Queen Victoria. I shall make no illusions in this matter. As a rule we Canadians have such ample opportunities of frequenting the palaces of London and Brussels and other places you speak of with such familiarity, that we can't afford to let people know that we have never run over to the courts of an evening and are ignorant of how they are worked. I might say, however, that I have been credibly informed that the French language is dying out of the court of St. James, and when you say it is spoken as much as English, you are incorrect; it is used but little. It is unlikely that a dynasty which, until recently, was as German as English, would cultivate or perpetuate the fad of lisping things in French which could be better said in English. With regard to the mottoes you are doubtless correct, but they are not of recent date and the big wigs of England could do nothing more appropriate than translate them into English, rubbing every French word off our escutcheon, so to speak. The Frenchmen are not wearing any of our words around on their coat of arms and you may be sure the Germans are doing nothing so silly, then, why should the British nation, by example endeavor to retain French as a court or heraldic language, when by proper management the current now setting so strongly in favor of English all over Europe, Asia and America would soon make ours the language of the world!—not of the "universe," dear madame, the sun, moon and stars must be permitted to run their own show.

French is said to be the polite language, I have had people polite to me in Apache, and others rude to me with a Parisian accent. Politeness—gentleness—is not a matter of speech, but of heart; not a question of fine words, but of gentle impulses. The old-fashioned idea that no one can be polite without speaking French has been exploded, my dear madam, for a quarter of a century—so long before you were born that I suppose you did not hear of it. This has become a busy world, and when you "presume" that I can understand an English phrase, you aim an unnecessary sarcasm at the admitted scarcity of a thorough English education. That so few can claim to be well versed in our own language is the reason why I think that education in our public schools should be confined to English. Those who like yourself are the frequenters of European courts, doubtless have ample means to educate yourselves in the special branches required there; that sort of thing is not being discussed.

I wish to point out before I close the fact that you do not know exactly how to write for the printer. Your English is passable and no doubt had you chosen to write in French you would have done much better, but, like those newspapers you describe, you are too anxious to be expressive. Perhaps I have sometimes used such French words as have become Anglicized, but hereafter I shall endeavor to be strictly English as far as I know how. Those who are continually injecting French words and phrases into their writings produce work which looks very much like yours. You were anxious to emphasize your meaning and made so many marks under your words that you spoiled your letter. You apparently do not understand that one stroke of the pen under a word or phrase means that it shall be put in *Italics*, or that two strokes under a word indicates SMALL CAPS, or three strokes CAPITALS—I have in each of the three cases given you an example. Pardon me, my dear madam, but a knowledge of these little things is more useful nowadays than facility in reading and writing the smart French words and phrases you hold so dear.

'Varsity Chat.

Special examinations for men in Wycliffe and Knox were held on Tuesday in the department of philosophy. The subjects were third year moral philosophy and second year mental philosophy and logic.

Lecturer H. R. Fairclough, M.A., assisted by Mr. J. J. Mackenzie, B.A., gave an illustrated lecture on Greek architecture in the Biological Department on Tuesday afternoon. The lecture was doubtless for the special benefit of students in classics, though all were invited. The gentlemen are cordially thanked about the corridors for this extra effort made of their own free will. Heretofore little attention has been paid to æsthetics, apart from literature.

Though the first number has not yet appeared, it may be taken as assured that the *'Varsity* will be found in the hands of the public next fall. A committee, of which Mr. C. A. Stuart, '91, is convener, the directorate in fact, has the matter in charge, having received the necessary powers from the Literary Society.

Even politicians have almost forgotten about the elections by this time, lost as they are in the cold shadow of a vast pile of work yet to be read. We have had our fun and next comes the examiners' innings.

Mr. J. G. Witton, B.A., '88, lately fellow in physics here and now holding a similar position in Cornell University, came up to record his vote for the Outside party's candidate for president, Mr. L. P. Duff. In the jubilee caucus of that party on Saturday afternoon Mr. Witton responded to loud calls for a speech, saying among other things that he had now cast his sixth vote in the society elections, and it might be his last. We sincerely hope not.

The elections this year were the hardest-fought on record. It used to be considered a great thing to keep the polls open till four o'clock Saturday morning. This year the last vote was not polled till half-past ten. Energy like this is enough to move the world without the aid of the historic lever. But oh, the deficits!

The Political Science Association met, as usual, on Wednesday afternoon in Y.M.C.A. Hall. After Mr. Ross had read an essay on the History of Economics, candidates were nominated for the offices of the association next year.

Mr. H. C. Pope, '91, secretary of both the Cricket and Rugby Football Clubs, called together the members of those clubs, the former on Wednesday and the latter on Friday, to consider the prospects of sports and transact regular business. It remains to be seen whether the fire will throw a cloud over the sports as well as over other things.

Subscriptions for the library are not coming in with a speed calculated to inconvenience the treasurer of the fund. It is reported, too, that certain of those who have subscribed have declared their unwillingness to pay if Residence be abolished. It is clear the loyalty of these gentlemen to the University is at best *vis* Residence.

The sad news of the death of Mr. A. W. Campbell, '90, was received on Friday last. Our late comrade was a warm-hearted, popular gentleman, who could hold his own in classlist and on campus alike. Many there were who reflected on the sorrowful coincidence that the tidings of his death should have been received on the day of election in which, had he been with us, he would doubtless, as was his wont, have been a most active participant. NEMO.

Wonders of Invention.

Scientist (delightedly trying a long-distance telephone)—Hello! I'm in New York. Where are you?

Voice (at other end)—Say, lend me $10,000 for thirty days, will you?

Scientist—Wonderful! Wonderful! That's from Chicago.

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XXXV.

Mrs. Vane, on leaving her brother's lodgings, drove straight to Camden Town. She had reasons for wishing to see Sabina Meldreth. The house was a little difficult to find, because the street had recently been renamed and renumbered, and Mrs. Vane was forced, to her disgust, to descend from the cab and make inquiries in her own person of various frowsy-looking women standing at their own doors. "I wish I had brought 'Parker," she said to herself more than once; "she would have been useful in this kind of work. Surely Sabina has given me the right address!"

"There goes the gentleman that lodges at Mrs. Gunn's!" said one of the frowsy-looking women at last. "I've heard tell that he was there, though I didn't know the number. Will you tell this lady, please, sir, what number Mrs. Gunn's is?"

The white-bearded old man who was just then passing along the street turned to Mrs. Vane.

"I shall be very happy to show the lady the house," he said, half raising his hat from his white head with something like foreign politeness. And then he and Flossy exchanged glances which were hard and keen as steel.

He knew her well by sight and she did not recognise him. She had seen Westwood only once or twice in her life, and this apparently gentle old man with the silvery hair did not harmonize with Flossy's impression of the Beechfield poacher. Nevertheless she was suspicious enough to remember that all things were possible; and she made a mental note of his dark eyes and eyebrows, the latter being a little out of keeping with his very white hair. As a matter of fact, Westwood had gone too far in selecting his disguise; a more ordinary slightly-grizzled wig would have suited his purpose much better. The perruquier—an artist in his way—to whom he had applied considered picturesque effect an object not to be overlooked; and Mr. Reuben Dare was accordingly a rather too strikingly picturesque individual to be anything but theatrical in air.

It showed Mrs. Vane the house, bowed politely, and then passed down the street.

"She's come to inquire about me—I am sure of that," he said. "I'd better change my lodgings as quick as possible. I'll leave them to-morrow—to-night would look suspicious maybe; or should I leave them now, and never go back?"

He was half inclined to adopt this course; but he was deterred by the remembrance of a pocketbook containing money which he had left locked up in his portmanteau. He could not well dispense with it; and neither Mrs. Vane nor anybody else could do him any harm, he thought, if he stayed for twenty-four hours longer at Mrs. Gunn's. But he trusted a little too much to the uncertainties of fate.

"Well, Sabina," said Mrs. Vane coolly, as, with a general air of bewilderment, that young person appeared before her in Mrs. Gunn's best parlor, "I suppose that you hardly expected to see me here!"

"No, ma'm, I didn't. I thought you was quite too much of an invalid to leave home."

"It is rather an effort," said Flossy drily, "especially considering the neighborhood in which you live."

"It ain't country, certainly, returned Sabina; "but it's respectable."

"Ah, like yourself!" said Mrs. Vane. "That was the reason you came to it, I suppose. Don't look angry, Sabina—I was only meaning to make a little joke. But jokes are mistakes with most people. I came to see about your letter in person and to have a talk with you."

"Won't you have anything to eat, ma'am? We've just finished dinner, but, if there's any thing we can get"—Sabina was evidently inclined to be obsequious—"an egg, or a chop, or a cup of tea—"

"No, I don't want anything. Who is this Mr. Reuben Dare?"

"That's what I want to know, ma'am!"

"And who is this Miss West?"—Sabina shook her head.

"She calls him her father—I'm sure of that."

"Where does she come from? Where was she brought up?"

"Couldn't say, ma'am. Jenkins says that Miss West used to act at the Privolity Theater—he's seen her there leastways years ago. Mr. Lepel took her up, as far as he can make out, about a year and a half ago—soon after he settled in London again."

"Do you think the man Dare has any connection with Beechfield beside that of his recent visit?"

"Yes I do. He caught himself up like once or twice when I began to talk of it; and once he put me right—accidental like—about the name of somebody at Beechfield."

"Whose name?"

"I'm not sure as I can remember. Yes, I do, though! It was Mr. Rumbold's first name. I called him 'The Reverend Edward,' and he says 'Alfred'—quick, as if he wasn't thinking. So he must have known the place in years gone by."

Flossy sat thinking.

"Sabina," she said at length, in her smoothest tones, "I will take you into my confidence—I know you can be trusted. Of course it would be a great blow to me if my brother married an actress—I don't mean that there's nothing at all about; besides, he is almost engaged to my husband's niece, Miss Vane." She did not add that she had taken steps to prevent this engagement by all the means in her power for the last few weeks. "We must try to break off the connection as soon as we can. The more we know about this Miss West's past life the better. I will go to the Privolity myself, and see whether I can learn anything about it there. And, Sabina—"

"Yes, ma'am," said the woman, as Mrs. Vane paused.

"That mass of white hair, Sabina—do you think it looks quite natural?"

"Mr. Dare, you mean, ma'am? No, I don't; I believe it's a wig. I've seen it quite on one side."

"Couldn't you find out, Sabina?"

"Well, I don't see how," said Sabina slowly. "I've never seen him without it. One night there was an alarm of fire, and everybody rushed to their doors, and Mr. Dare came too; but his hair and his beard and everything was just the same as usual. Still I'm sure I've seen it a little on one side."

"You provide his food here, do you not? Do you ever help your aunt?"

"Sometimes, ma'am. I take in his tea and all that, you know. We're by way of being very friendly, Mr. Dare and me."

"Sabina, if you had the stuff, could you not quietly put something into his tea which would make him sleep for an hour or two? And, when he was asleep, could you not find out what I want to know?"

Sabina was silent for a moment.

"What could I get for it?" she said at last. "It's always a risk to run."

"Twenty pounds," said Flossy promptly. "There is very little risk."

"And where should I get the stuff?"

"I have it with me," said Mrs. Vane.

Sabina, who had been standing, suddenly sat down and burst out laughing.

"Well, you are a deepone, "the said, when her laughter was ended and she observed that Mrs. Vane was regarding her rather angrily; "if you'll excuse me for saying so, ma'am, but you are the very deepest one I ever came across! And you don't look it one bit!"

"I suppose you mean both those assertions for compliments," said Flossy. "If so, you need not trouble to make them again. This is a business matter. Will you undertake it, or will you not?"

"When?"

"To-night."

"To-night! When he comes in to tea? Well, is it safe?"

"You mean the drug? Perfectly safe. He will never know that he has had it. It will keep him sound asleep for a couple of hours at least. During that time I do not think that thunder itself would wake him."

"You've tried it before. I'll warrant!" said Sabina, half questioningly, half-admiringly.

"Yes," said Flossy placidly, "I have tried it before." She took a little bottle of greenish glass from the small morocco bag which she carried in her hand, and held it up to the light.

"There are two doses in it," she said. "Don't use it all at once. A drop or two more or less does not matter; you need not be afraid of making it a little too strong. It is colorless and tasteless. Can you manage it?"

Sabina considered.

"If I put it into the tea-pot it might be wasted; he might not drink all the tea. He never lets me pour it out for him. Would it alter the look of the milk?"

"Not at all."

"Then I could put it into his cream jug, and give him so little that he's sure to use it all and ring for more. He likes a deal of milk in his tea."

"Then you will do it, Sabina?"

Again Sabina hesitated. Finally she said, with sudden decision:

"Give me that twenty pound and then I will."

"Not until you have earned it."

"If I don't have it beforehand, I won't do it at all," said Sabina doggedly.

Mrs. Vane shrugged her shoulders slightly, opened her bag, and put the little bottle back into its place.

"You said you could trust me; show me that you can," said Sabina, unmoved by this pantomime. "One of us will have to trust the other. I may do it, and then—who knows!—you may back out of the bargain."

"Did I ever 'back out of a bargain,' as you coarsely express it? I think, Sabina, I have trusted you a good deal already."

"Well, that's the difference," said Sabina roughly. "Give me ten down on the nail, and ten when I've done the work. I dare say I can manage it to-night. I can write to you when it's over."

"Very well. Here are ten pounds for you; I will give the other when your work is done. But do not write to me—come to me at the Grosvenor Hotel to-morrow morning. I shall stay the night in town."

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"He was quite an old man, I suppose?" said Mrs. Vane. "There was no talk of marriage between them—of an attachment of any kind?"

"Why, Wadsley drew herself up in rather an offended manner.

"Certainly not, madam—save as father and daughter might be attached one to another. Mr. Lalli was old enough to be the girl's grandfather; and Cynthia—oh, she was quite a child!

I hope you do not think that I should have chaperoned her if any such matter had seemed likely to occur; but there was nothing of the kind. Mr. Lalli was quite too serious minded for anything of that sort—a deeply-religious man, although an Italian, Mrs. Vane."

"Indeed I am glad to hear it," said Flossy softly. "Miss West had no engagement—no love affair, in short—going on when she was with you?"

"Certainly not, Mrs. Vane."

"Did you ever hear her say where she had lived—where she had been educated—before she came to London?"

"I did hear something of a school that she had been at," said Mrs. Wadsley, after a little reflection; "but where it was I could not exactly tell you. There were Roman Catholics, who taught her—Roman Catholics very probably. St. Elizabeth's—that was the name of the school; but where it is to be found I am sure I cannot say."

"St. Elizabeth's, East Winstead?" said Mrs. Vane quickly. She had heard the name from Mrs. Rumbold.

"I am sure I cannot say, Mrs. Vane."

"Miss West was not a Roman Catholic, was she?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Mrs. Wadsley, with great stiffness.

Flossy's questions had not impressed her favorably; but the words next uttered by her visitor did away to some extent with the bad impression.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Wadsley, for your kind information! The fact is that a relative of mine has quite fallen in love with Miss West, and I was asked to find out who she was and all about her. Everything I have heard is so entirely charming and satisfactory that I shall be able to set everything right and assure my friends that we will be honored by an alliance with Miss West. I hope we shall see you at the wedding, Mrs. Wadsley, when it takes place."

"When it takes place," Flossy repeated to herself, when she stood once more in the noisy London street; "but I do think it will ever take place. I wonder how far it is to East Winstead, and whether it is worth while going there or not?"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It was not much after five, and the days were very long. Mrs. Vane found that she could reach East Winstead by seven, and allowing for one hour at St. Elizabeth's could be back in London by half-past nine. She, who was said to be an invalid, never spent more half a mile alone or exerted herself in any avoidable way, now showed herself as unwearied, as vigorous, as energetic as any able-bodied detective in the pursuit of his duty. She went first to the station where she had left Parker, and gave the maid her instructions. Parker was to go to the Grosvenor Hotel and engage rooms for the night for herself and her mistress, and to see that every requisite for comfort was provided for Mrs. Vane when she arrived. At half-past seven precisely she was to despatch a telegram which Flossy herself had written for her mistress's benefit, announcing her intention to stay the night in town. It was not to be sent earlier, as in that case the general would be rushing up to London to take care of his wife, and Flossy did not want him in the least. If he got the telegram between eight and nine, he would scarcely start that night, because she knew that she might fully expect to see him in the morning. He was a most affectionate husband, and was proud of that his wife was capable of doing anything for herself.

Parker was much amazed by Mrs. Vane's proceedings, and did not believe that the dentist was responsible for them, or Mr. Hubert Lepel either, although Flossy was careful to put the blame of her detention upon these innocent persons. She was not allowed to know what her mistress was going to do, but was sent away from the station to the hotel at once in a hansom cab, with a basket carefully provided herself with sandwiches and a flask of sherry, took a return-ticket for East Winstead, and found herself alone in one of the stations in a fast train at exactly five minutes to six. It was quick work; but she had accomplished the task that she had set herself to do. Flossy had a genius for intrigue.

She reached East Winstead at seven, and found a cab at the station. The drive to St. Elizabeth's occupied much longer—longer than she had anticipated. She would have to do her work—make all her inquiries—in exactly one quarter of an hour if she meant to catch the next train to London. Well, a quarter of an hour ought to tell her all that she wished to know.

She took little notice of the beauty of garden and architecture at St. Elizabeth's, these were not what she had come to see. She asked at the door if she could see the lady in charge of the girls' school. "Which—the orphanage or the ladies' school?" "The orphanage," was Flossy's prompt reply, and accordingly she was shown into the presence of Sister Louisa.

"I am afraid that I must appear very brusque and abrupt," said Mrs. Vane, with the soft graciousness of manner which proved so powerful a weapon in her armory; "but I shall have to come to the point at once, as I have only a few minutes to spare. Can you tell me whether you ever had a child in your orphanage called Cynthia West?"

Sister Louisa considered, and then shook her head.

"Cynthia! is an uncommon name," she said. "I am sure that we never had—at least, within the last ten years."

"It would not be so long ago," said Mrs. Vane. "I have reasons however to think that 'Cynthia West' is not her real name. Would the name of 'Westwood'—Cynthia Janet Westwood'—recall any child to your memory!"

Sister Louisa started, and a flush covered her mild thin face.

"Is it possible," she said, "that you mean our lost child Jane Wood!"

"She may have been known under that name," said Flossy. "Tell me, Sister, you called 'Jane Wood,' then! Why do you think that she has any connection with Cynthia West!"

"You mentioned the name of 'Westwood,'" said Sister Louisa eagerly. "Jane Wood's name was really 'Westwood'; but, as she was the daughter of a notorious criminal, Mrs. Rumbold of Beechfield, who placed her with us, asked that she should be called 'Wood.' She was the child of Westwood, who committed a dreadful murder at Beechfield, in Hampshire—a gentleman called Vane——" Here Sister Louisa glanced at the visitor's card. "You know perhaps," she went on in some confusion; but Flossy interrupted her.

"Mr. Vane, the murdered man, was my brother-in-law. I am the wife of General Vane of Beechfield. I had some notion that this girl Cynthia West was identical with Westwood's daughter, but I could not be sure of the fact. How long was she with you, may I ask?"

Then she heard the whole story. She heard how the child had come to St. Elizabeth's, and been gratefully tamed and civilized; of her wonderful voice and talent for music; of the generosity of certain persons unknown, supposed to be the Vanes; of the outburst of passion when "Janey" heard the lay-sister's accusation of her father and her subsequent disappearance; then—not greatly to Flossy's surprise—of Mr. Lepel's visit, and his search for the girl, which—so far as the Sister knew—seemed to have ended in failure.

"But you have found her after all!" cried the good Sister, when Flossy acknowledged that she was the sister of Hubert Lepel, and presumably interested in his charitable enterprises. "I am so glad! And she is growing quite famous! Dear me, I wonder that Mr. Lepel did not let us know!"

"Possibly he thought that you would be more grieved than delighted by the discovery of her present position," said Flossy, not sorry to aim an arrow at the unknown Cynthia behind her back, and perhaps deprive her of some very useful and affectionate friends. "Miss West, as she calls herself, does not bear a good character." She felt a malicious pleasure in bringing the color into the Sister's delicate cheeks, the moisture into those kindly, mild gray eyes. "She went upon the stage almost at once, and lived—well, I need not tell you how she lived perhaps; you can imagine it no doubt for yourself. I am afraid she was a thoroughly bad girl from the first."

"Oh, no, no—I hope not!" exclaimed Sister Louisa, the tears flowing freely over her pale face. "Our poor Janie! She was a dear child, generous and kind hearted, although impetuous and willful now and then. If you see her, Mrs. Vane, tell her that we are always open to her—that, if she will come back to us, we will give her pardon and care, and help her to lead a good and honorable life."

"I am afraid she will never return to you—she would probably be ashamed," said Mrs. Vane, rather uncomfortably, as she took her leave. "I am so sorry to hurry away, sister, but I am afraid that I must catch my train. You are quite sure than that Jane or Janie Wood, who had such a beautiful voice, and ran away from you in July, 187-, was really the daughter of the convict Westwood, and that Mrs. Lepel and Mrs. Rumbold placed her with you and sought for her afterwards!"

"Quite sure," said Sister Louisa.

(To be Continued.)

Visited by the Catacombs.

"Did I understand you to say you were in Europe this winter?" he asked of the man who was talking to a drummer across the aisle.

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in Rome?"

"I was there for a month, sir."

"Ah! I am glad to have met you. I wanted to ask about Rome. You visited the catacombs, of course?"

"Didn't have time. They visited me."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I never strired out of the hotel that they weren't striking me for alms. Never saw such an infernal set in all my born days."

"Don't you mean the lazaroni?"

"Of course. The catacombs and the lazyrony are the same thing, only 'catacomb' is the Italian of it, and the other is the English. If you haven't been over I'd advise you to go—if you can raise the dollars. You'll know how much a trip abroad will broaden and liberalize your mind."

And the drummer sank back and hid himself in a corner, and he did not get over looking pale for the next thirty miles.

Hope For Poor Men.

Bright girls—who are pretty as well as bright and are millionaires' daughters besides—do not seem nowadays to prefer millionaires' sons to bright men, even though they are not hard-some men. Miss Emma Gertrude Fowler, the daughter of Congressman Fowler, for instance, married John Bayard Taylor, a young man who was by no means rich, simply because, as she said to her father, she wanted to marry a man whom she could see once in a while, and who would love her better than his club, his horses, and his dogs. This seems to be the argument, generally, of millionaires' daughters of late, and little Watertown, in New York State, seems to have been the starting point for the new matrimonial system, for since Miss Fowler's marriage there, millionaire James W. Foster's daughter Eleanor, a belle of the place, married a young lawyer named Lansing. The course of true love may not always run smooth, but when "there's millions in it," it does not seem to be onesided after all. Miss Fowler's idea that a husband must love his wife more than his club, his horse, or his dog, bids fair to rule the day for a long time to come. Why not for all time?—*Illustrated American.*

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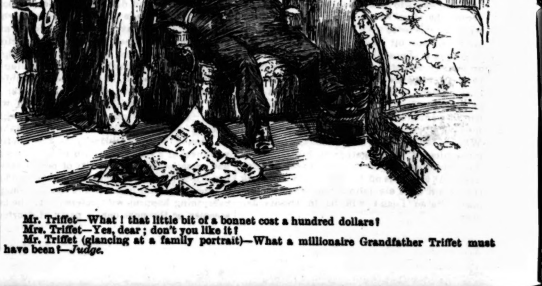

Mr. Triffet—What! that little bit of a bonnet cost a hundred dollars!

Mrs. Triffet—Yes, dear; don't you like it!

Mrs. Triffet (dancing at a family portrait)—What a millionaire Grandfather Triffet must have been!—*Judge.*

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Hugh Cameron and Francis Ashton entered the summer-house together in silence, and the lawyer closed the door after him, turning the key in the lock. Hugh started, and uttered a stifled exclamation at sight of Stanley standing beside his wife; but his companion showed no sign of surprise, and acknowledged her presence with a low bow. No other greeting passed between any of them; and, although Stanley's face had flushed and her eyes had flashed haughtily when Francis Ashton had locked the door, she said nothing; she was startled, and pitied the woman at her side, whose face seemed to grow more haggard with every passing moment, although she stood erect in the centre of the little room, a forlorn, desolate, beautiful figure on which the last rays of the setting sun lingered.

The thing she had dreaded had come to pass at last—the iron had entered into her soul. She was weak and worn with the agony of suspense; but, for one brief moment, as her eyes rested on Francis Ashton's face, he read in them unutterable contempt and scorn. He did not care; he felt only a savage gladness at the thought of her shame and misery—at the realization of the vengeance he had planned. Perhaps in his heart he fancied that she might turn to him in the hour of her husband's scorn and detestation.

The unhappy woman broke the silence.

"You are late," she said, in a strained husky tone which was terrible to listen to, "and you make your appearance in a somewhat tragic manner. May I inquire why you have locked Miss Gerant and myself in here?"

"We thought perhaps you would wish to escape from an explanation which cannot be a very pleasant one," said Francis Ashton calmly. "I, as your fellow-conspirator, less guilty however than yourself, would have liked to do so. Miss Gerant is not *de rigueur* an explanation of certain things which concern her very nearly; therefore she will forgive the apparent impertinence of my action."

There was a distinct change in his manner when he turned to Stanley; he spoke to her with a deference and respect which accentuated the cover insolence of his former tone. The girl looked at Hugh in surprise, wondering why he did not resent it; but he said nothing, for he did not notice it in the terrible agitation he was struggling to conceal.

"Laura," he said hoarsely, "my cousin has brought a strange charge against you, and one which I pray Heaven you can deny. He tells me that you knew of the secret stain upon my birth, and that it was at your instigation that Sir Humphrey Gerant was informed of it by an anonymous telegram which my cousin sent him at your earnest request." He paused for a moment, then went on, "Your object in doing that, Francis Ashton states, was to break off my engagement to Miss Gerant—and you succeeded. That you gave me cruel pain and suffering you know; while I—Heaven help me!—trusted you as the truest and best of friends—trusted you and believed in you so fully that, when this man, my cousin, my near relative who has betrayed me too most cruelly, told me this afternoon of what you and he had done, I could have killed him for uttering the slanderous words."

He was restraining his passion with difficulty now; the veins in his forehead were swollen and stood out like cords; his eyes were dark with wrath. Almost involuntarily Stanley drew closer to Laura's side. The color had died out of Stanley's cheeks and lips, and she stood motionless, an expression of deep sorrow and compassion on her face. She thought how desperately Laura Beacham must have loved Hugh to stoop to such base means to win him; and this thought was followed by another—that such love, if intense, was selfish since it cared for nothing but the gratification of its own passion at any cost. She knew that to this woman she owed much misery and pain, and yet she had drawn nearer to her side in her extremity. She understood Dr. Graham's words now; the secret canker which was eating into the heart of the rose was unveiled—Laura's secret trouble and fear were plain to her.

"You do not answer," Hugh went on, in the same stern relentless voice—"you do not deny this charge, and I am to believe that you, whom I trusted as fully as I believe in Heaven, betrayed me more cruelly than ever man was betrayed before!"

"Will you not give the lady the benefit of the doubt?" Francis Ashton interposed, with a sneer. "May she not have been prompted by a feeling that it was due to Sir Humphrey Gerant to know the truth about your birth before he admitted you into his family?"

"It was his due," Hugh replied. "If every right, and, if the knowledge had come to him openly—if you, Francis, who knew all the truth, had gone to him or come to me, who was equally in ignorance, and told it—I for one would not have blamed you. But an anonymous informer plays an unworthy part, even though his motive be a good one."

"You forget that you are my cousin," the lawyer observed, in his cold passionless tone, "that your mother is my mother's sister, and that one naturally keeps such things secret. I imparted the information to Lady Beacham in confidence, in a moment of weakness caused by the despair she showed at the news of your engagement. I confess," he went on, his impassive face showing no sign of emotion, "my own motive was a mixed one. I had loved this lady for many years—she had played with my heart as if it had been designed for her amusement; in her cruelty had not destroyed my love. I knew of her affection for you, which you were so blind to, and, in the interests of friendship, I myself went to tell her of your engagement, lest she should betray her anguish to unfriendly eyes."

He looked at Laura with an expression of insolent triumph. Her pallor had deepened; but her eyes were fixed upon her husband's face in an agony of appeal.

"I need not describe her despair," the sneering voice went on. "It affected me because I was weak then; and I told her that I knew of something that might cause the engagement to be broken off. She prayed me to tell her what it was—and I did so. I have told you all this already, Hugh," he added, with a shrug, "but I conceive that Miss Gerant is equally interested in the story, and I repeat it for her benefit." He looked towards Stanley and bowed, then continued, "You will remember my visit to Brancepeth. I knew Lady Beacham's missive had done its work, and I meant to warn you. I heard after I left Brancepeth that your engagement was broken off. I was surprised; for I had always thought that Miss Gerant's love would prove stronger than her father's pride. I was not wrong," he added, "for my story is not yet complete, Hugh; there is something you have yet to learn, cousin."

He glanced at Laura with an insolent laugh of triumph. Hugh was looking from one to the other with ominous signs of anger in his eyes.

"When I put faith in the strength of Miss Gerant's affection for you, I was not wrong," Francis Ashton went on, with cruel deliberation, as he felt that he was about to deal a cruelier blow than the one already given. "At first, as was but natural, Sir Humphrey hesitated to give his daughter to you, and broke off the engagement; but, after a little reflection, he altered his mind. He——"

But Laura Cameron's self-control had already borne too much in silence; a low but exceedingly bitter cry escaped her.

"Not that," she exclaimed wildly, holding out her hand with a gesture of entreaty—"spare me that! Oh, your revenge is complete—you have made me suffer enough!"

"Not yet," he answered, calmly. "It is necessary that Hugh should know the extent of his indebtedness to you. You, who cared no one in your selfishness, must not expect to be spared."

"It is too late for any more deception," Hugh broke in. "If there is anything more to tell, let me know it at once! Let me be upon my guard against the vile treachery which has been arrayed against me—treachery which masked itself under the guise of love!"

He glanced at Laura as he spoke with a look of unutterable horror, before which she cowered and trembled, breaking into fearless and convulsive sobs. With a generous impulse of compassion for the woman who had suffered her so cruelly, Stanley put her arms round the trembling figure. At her gentle touch an inarticulate sound broke from Laura Cameron's lips, and she let her head fall upon Stanley's shoulder, clinging to her with all her failing strength.

"You are generous, Miss Gerant," said Francis Ashton quietly; "but doubtless your magnanimity has its limits. Do you remember the letter you wrote to my cousin asking him to go back to you? It fell into the hands of Lady Beacham, and it never reached its destination."

"Oh, no—oh, no!" Stanley cried; while Hugh's face was livid with fury as he recognized how cruelly he had been betrayed.

"It never reached its destination," the lawyer repeated calmly. "At the time you wrote, Lady Beacham was playing the good Samaritan to my cousin. He was lying at her house very ill—through her treachery—and the letters forwarded from his club never reached him. Perhaps she thought the contents of your note might excite her patient, for she suppressed it. The same fate befell one written by Sir Humphrey to my cousin, the purport of which was the same as yours."

"Great heavens, is what you say true?" gasped Hugh. "Answer me! Is it true?"

"Do you need an answer?" asked Francis Ashton, with a sneer. "Look at her face! Does it tell you nothing?"

With a feeling which she could not withstand Stanley had removed her arms from the trembling guilty woman. It had been impossible for the girl to control the horror, the revulsion she felt. Laura stood shrinking back against the wall; she strove to speak, but could not; it was dreadful to see the convulsive twitching of her limbs and the ghastliness of her face, which was rendered all the more horrible by the splendor of her dark eyes which fell around her in shimmering folds. No one looking at her could have had one moment's doubt of her guilt.

"It is not a pleasant picture, is it," said Francis Ashton, "treachery disguising itself as love, falsehood arraying itself as devotion, selfishness as disinterestedness and generosity! But it succeeded to a certain extent. I don't think it won happiness—perhaps that was more than it could expect; but it gratified its own wishes and it reached the desired goal. Had you not better go to your wife's assistance, Hugh?" he added, with a sneering laugh. "This explanation does not seem to be a pleasant one for her."

In his endeavor to show contempt upon her he had overstepped the mark; at the sneering scorn of his voice, the mocking disdain of his words, Stanley felt as much pity for the woman he reviled as a moment before she had felt repugnance. Once more she went to her side, and, putting her arm around her, supported her to a chair. Laura seemed utterly prostrated, and but for Stanley's aunt she would have sunk from the chair to the floor.

A few moments' silence followed. Hugh was vainly endeavoring to recover sufficient self-control to speak calmly; Francis Ashton stood looking at the woman whom he had loved, and over whom he had obtained so cruel a triumph, unmoved, calm, with his face set in a terrible sneering smile. He had obtained his revenge; she suffered through him; while Stanley looked down at her ghastly face and her stricken beauty with a compassion which was fast dispelling all feelings of anger.

It was a strange scene to take place within a stone's throw of one of the palaces of wealth and frivolity. The band in the grounds was still playing, and the strains of "*Robert, toi que j'aime,*" rose and fell on the evening air with passionate sadness. It seemed to Stanley that she was dreaming some terrible dream from which she could not awaken, and which was full of horror and anguish and unrest. As she raised her eyes for a moment and they met Hugh's, the girl could have cried out at the sight of his agony, and her eyes filled with tears as she turned them from his face.

Hugh broke the silence at last. His voice was low and stern, gave evidence of the constraint he was putting upon himself. As it fell upon the stillness, Stanley felt Laura shudder; but it was to Francis Ashton that he spoke.

"Have you anything more to tell me?" he asked. "Is this shameful history ended, or is there more to hear?"

"That is for you to decide," the lawyer replied carelessly. "I have told you the truth. If my share in your misfortune I am ready to answer when and where you please. With the woman who has lied to you and betrayed your faith through these long months only you yourself can deal. She is your wife still, and the shameless efforts she made to attain that position show that she places great value upon it. If you care to settle matters with her now, I will guard you against any disturbance, and I will leave you to do so; and he moved towards the door, calm, relentless, inexorable.

"You are my cousin," said Hugh, slowly and contemptuously. "I thought you were a man of honor; I was mistaken. You betrayed a trust which was committed to you—you betrayed your father—as much to a lawyer as a relative. Your position here is a proud one; but, because you are of my mother's kin, I cannot punish you as I would were I free from ties of blood. If we meet again, we meet as strangers. Leave us now; I have much to say to this lady which cannot be deferred. Stanley"—his voice changed and broke a little as he turned to her—"will you leave us? I cannot tell you how sorry I am that you have been exposed to such a scene as this!"

"Stanley, do not go," Laura whispered, with white lips—"do not leave me! Oh, have pity!"

The girl turned her mournful eyes to Hugh.

"Can you not spare her now?" she said gently. "She is ill—another time."

"Is not your sympathy somewhat wasted, Miss Gerant?" inquired Francis Ashton, as he put his hand upon the key and turned it in the lock. "Mrs. Cameron is an excellent actress. Croisette herself could not surpass her in swooning scenes. She herself told me how she deceived you, Hugh, when a boy, with as you will"—shrugging his shoulders at Stanley's indignant glance; "after all, it is just as well that what is done should be done quickly."

He bowed low to Stanley as he opened the door, and, with one look at the blanched stricken face upon her shoulder—a look at once malignant, triumphant, and tender—he passed out. As the door closed after him, Hugh Cameron drew a long breath of relief.

"The danger is passed," he muttered.

The restraint he had placed upon himself had been severely tried; he was breathing fast and heavily from the effort. It had been hard for him to let his kinsman leave the summer-house with his baseness unavenged. As the sound of Ashton's footsteps died away, he drew a chair forward and sat down by the table, leaning his elbow upon it and his face upon his hands.

(To be continued.)

An Assistant Hugger.

Delhanty (recently married)—Doan' be doin' thot in public, darlint! Yez 'll hov the whole par-ish laughin' at me wid yure foolin'.—*Judge.*

The Phonograph in the Household

The sewing girl was very pretty, there was no doubt about that, but there was no reason, the wife thought, why Harry should look at the sewing girl so often and so intently. Indeed, why should he look at the sewing girl at all? She had promised to join a box party at the theater with the Smiths, and Harry said she believed he wouldn't go, he'd rather stay in the sitting-room and smoke and read, and the Smiths could bring her home. The sewing girl was at work in the sitting-room and would be engaged until nearly nine o'clock. It was a doubtful situation, but wives are adroit and alert. This one bethought her of the perfected phonograph Harry had brought home. She would take it into the sitting-room. It worked automatically with conversation anywhere near it, and registered with perfect accuracy, emitting again on occasion all it had heard. She carried out the idea and joined the theater party.

When the wife returned Harry was sleeping the sleep of the just—or the unjust. She closed the doors tightly, to cut off all sound, and turned the phonograph crank with fear and trembling. At the first revolution she almost fainted. There issued the voices of Harry and the sewing girl. He had been in the room.

She recovered after a time and turned the crank. Here is the conversation she heard:

"Hello. Have you seen a meerschaum pipe around here?"

"No, sir."

"Guess I must have left it down town. Say, are you the girl that made my last lot of shirts?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, when you make another lot I want you to sew every button on so it will stick till there's frost in hades. See? Mrs. ——'s a good girl, but she's so infernally busy watching me she forgets about buttons. See?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Much obliged. What red cars you've got. Hello! I'll be blinked if there isn't the pipe on the mantel now! You'd better never get married; you haven't got the eye. See?"

That was all there was in the phonograph. Harry was not awakened and reproached. The woman was too much shocked with the bald reality of life. Besides she didn't know what to say.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Skits.

"I see that there is a strike among girls against a cut down in corsets."

"They cannot be society girls."

Cholly—Sometimes, my own, I almost think I am hardly worthy of your love.

Polly—Do you think any one else is worthy of it?

Cholly—Oh, I know none of the other fellows are.

"Now, Charley," said young Mrs. Tocker, "you know your health is delicate, and you must be careful about what you eat. As long as you can't get your oat meal or cracked wheat while you're down town, you might as well try some of the old rye that I see advertised in the store windows."

(Great Editor (meditatively)—I wonder if it wouldn't pay for us to start a religious department in our Sunday edition.

Managing Editor—It might. I've got a scrapbook at home full of first-rate jokes about bishops.

A man was to be hanged, and was on the scaffold with the sheriff and the parson. The sheriff said to the prisoner—You might be seated. "No, thank you," replied the prisoner, "I can't stay long."

I rate Customer—See here, I've worn these new trousers only a week and they already bag at the knees.

Dealer—Yah, dot vas recht. Does are our new padent Lenten pants vot makes beoples dink our gustomers go to ghurch dree dimes effry day.

Editor's Friend—I see you have a new reporter. Has he ever had experience?

Editor—He must have had a great deal. He insisted on getting his week's salary in advance.

The Two Types of Girls.

Take an English girl and put her beside an American girl whose ancestry is pure English and there is a remarkable difference between them in shape, nature and color, says W. W. Story, the eminent American artist. The American, as a rule, is slender, fairer and slighter limbed, more feathered and more vivacious and excitable in manner. The English girl is fuller, rosier in color, heavier in build, and calmer. The voice of the American is thin and high, that of the English girl is rich and low. But where you will find the greatest physical difference is in the feet and hands. The American's foot is small, thin, high arched and tendonous in the ankle. The English girl's is plump, fat and full in the ankle. There is the same difference in the hands. Take a cast from an English and American foot and anyone can distinguish them with half an eye, all the attachments as they are called, are longer and more tendonous in the American than in the English.

Certainly there is a great difference in the general appearance of the English girl and the American. There is something charming in the one as of a rose, and in the other of a lily. Where the English have the advantage over the Americans is in their voices and intonations. An English woman's voice is a pleasure to hear—so sweet and low and pleasant in its modulations—while the Americans whine with a high-pitched voice. I wish they would correct this. You know them, "as the blind man knew the cuckoo, by the bad voice."

They sing better than the English, because the English can never fully utter their voice and throw it out.

The American girls are sometimes very handsome, and they generally have a refinement of look and feature, if not of manner. In their ways, too, there is a certain wild wilfulness and independence which, when it does not go too far (as it frequently does), is very attractive.

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The Annual Examinations for 1890 for degrees in Associateship and Fellowship in the College of Organists (Canada) will be held in Toronto during the month of June next. The examinations will be conducted by the Board of Examiners of the College, presided over by Mr. S. P. Warren of New York. Information concerning curriculum, &c., can be had upon application to the Sec.-Treas., MR. A. S. VOGT, 349 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Intending candidates for examination should give notification to the Secretary before the 1st of May.

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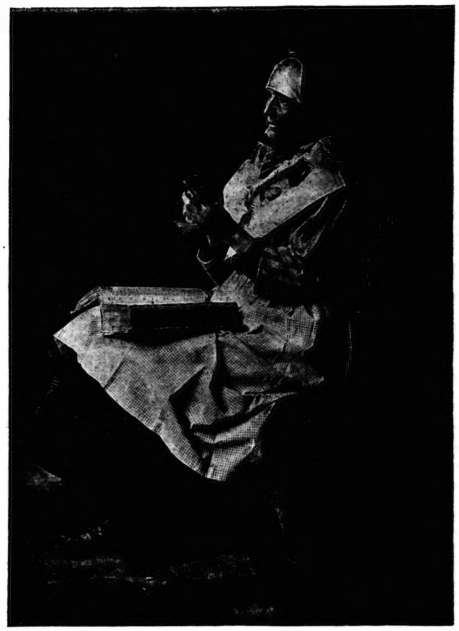

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At Tuesday night's meeting Mr. S. G. Curry led a lively discussion amongst the members on various disputed questions of construction. The designs of the club competition for a baptismal font were also on view, and Mr. Frank Darling's criticism of these added greatly to the profit and interest of the meeting.

The club is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Mr. C. M. Manly for its pen and ink and water color classes. Mr. C. J. Gibson, who has had the management of the classes, reports very good progress in both. The club expects to hold a summer exhibition, at which the public will be able to judge of the quality of the class and competition work of its members.

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Eastern Boy—Did you ever play football?

Western Boy (watching the game)—No; but I once got caught in a drove of stampeded mules.

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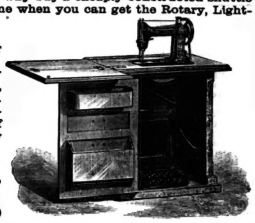

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One package of either of these dyes will color from one to four pounds of silk or wool goods, according to the shade desired. As no other dye manufacturer is able to obtain these dyestuffs, the process of manufacture being patented, be sure to use only Diamond Dyes. They are the only package dyes that have been proven reliable by years of use.

It is really astonishing to discover what a ten cent package of Diamond Dyes will do. They are adapted to almost a thousand uses, from dyeing gloves, feathers and hats, to cloaks, shawls and dresses, while their other uses, such as making the best shoe dressing, inks at ten cents a pint, wood stains that successfully imitate costly cherry and mahogany, and art colors for tinting photographs, engravings, &c., cause them to be invaluable in nearly every household.

The next time you want a new dress, and feel as though you could use the money to good advantage for something else, take one of your old dresses and with a package or two of Diamond Dyes, color it some fashionable shade. It will look as good as new, and everybody will think it is just from the dress-maker's.

The Engineer of the Forth Bridge.

Nothing illustrates better the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* than the singular career of Mr. William Arrol, the contractor for the Forth Bridge, opened recently by the Prince of Wales. Mr. Arrol is one of the few canny Scots who have preferred to stay in Scotland to make his fortune, and he has not been long in achieving his object. He little dreamt when he once entered the auld town of Ayr, seeking occupation as a journeyman blacksmith, that thirty years afterwards the townsfolk would assemble in their thousands to do him honor, and present him with the freedom of the burgh. Mr. Arrol's career shows the advantage of genius and perseverance over education, as of this latter he could have had very little, seeing he commenced life as a "piecer" in a cotton mill at the age of eight. In 1868 he started business with a capital of £85, saved from his wages. With this he bought an engine at £18 and a boiler at £25. For some time his staff consisted of himself and a workman. Seventeen years after his staff consisted of 4,300, engaged on the Forth Bridge! This beats anything in Smiles's Self Help, or Lives of the Engineers. To-day, the erstwhile blacksmith ought to be one of the proudest men in Scotland to see the greatest engineering triumph of the century un *fait accompli*.

Words that Laugh and Cry.

Did it ever strike you that there was anything queer about the capacity of written words to absorb and convey feelings! Taken separate, they are mere symbols with no more feeling to them than so many bricks, but string them along in a row under certain mysterious conditions and you find yourself laughing or crying as your eye runs over them. That words should convey mere ideas is not so remarkable. "The boy is lost," "the cat has nine tails," are statements that seem obviously enough within the power of written language. But it is different with feelings. They are no more visible in the symbols that hold them than electricity is visible on the wire; and yet there they are, always ready to respond when the right test is applied by the right person. That spoken words, charged with human tones and lighted by human eyes, should carry feelings, is not so astonishing. The magnetic sympathy of the orator one understands; he might affect his audience, possibly, if he spoke in a language they did not know. But written words: How can they do it? Suppose, for example, that you possess reasonable facility in grouping language, and that you have strong feelings upon some subject, which finally you determine to commit to paper. Your pen runs along; the proper words present then selves, or are dragged out, and fall into their places. You are a good deal moved; here you chuckle to yourself, and half a dozen of lines further down a lump comes into your throat, and perhaps you have to wipe your eyes. You finish, and the copy goes to the printer. When it gets into print a reader sees it. His eye runs along the lines and down the page until it comes to the place where you chuckled as you wrote; then he smiles, and six lines below he has to swallow several times and snuffle and wink to restrain an exhibition of weakness. And then some one else comes along who is not so good a word juggler as you are, or who has no feelings, and swaps the words about a little, and turns the sentences; and behold, the spell is gone, and you have left a parcel of written language duly charged with facts, but without a single feeling.

No one can juggle with words with any degree of success without getting a vast respect for their independent ability. They will catch the best idea a man ever had as it flashes through his brain, and hold on to it, to surprise him with it long after, and make him wonder that he was ever mean enough to have such an idea. And often they will catch an idea on its way from the brain to the pen point, turn, twist, and improve on it, as the pen prints, so in an instant there they are, strung hand in hand across the page and grinning back at the writer: "This is our idea, old man; not yours!"

As for poetry, every word that expects to earn its salt in poetry should have a head and a pair of legs of its own, to go and find its place, carrying another word if necessary on its back. The most that should be expected of any competent poet in regular practice is to serve a general summons and notice of action on the language. If the words won't do the rest for him it indicates that he is out of sympathy with his tools.

But you don't find feelings in written words unless there were feelings in the man who used them. With all their apparent independence they seem to be little vessels that hold in some puzzling fashion exactly what is put into them. You can put tears into them, as though they were so many little buckets; and you can hang smiles along them, like Monday's clothes on the line, or you can starch them with facts and stand them up like a picket fence; but you won't get the tears out unless you first put them in. Art won't put them there. It is like the faculty of getting the quality of interest into pictures. If the quality exists in the artist's mind he is likely to find means to get it into his pictures, but if it isn't in the man no technical skill will supply it. So, if the feelings are in the writer and he knows his business, they will get into the words; but they must be in him first. It isn't the way the words are strung together that makes Lincoln's Gettysburg speech immortal, but the feelings that were in the man. But how do such little plain words manage to keep their grip on such feelings? That is the miracle.—*N. Y. Sun.*

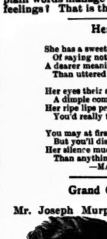
Her Silence.

She has a sweet, distracting way
Of saying nothing, which, I swear,
A dearer meaning can convey,
Than uttered words could ever dare.

Her eyes their silken fringes raise,
A dimple comes in either cheek;
Her ripe lips part, and as you gaze
You'd really think you heard her speak.

You may at first be vexed at this,
But you'll discover day by day
Her silence much more charming is
Than anything she finds to say.
—MARIANNE S. BARNES in the *Jury.*

Grand Opera House.



Mr. Joseph Murphy, the celebrated Irish actor, will play at the Grand Opera House all next week. He will appear in his favorite old plays Shaun Rhue, The Donagh and Kerry Gow, in the order named with a special matinee on Good Friday. Mr. Murphy is well-known as the most successful exponent of legitimate Irish drama in America and his name is always associated with good performances. His support this season is said to comprise a number of excellent players.

Ruined Theories.

Isn't it a little strange that the persons who think they know the most about the rearing of children never happen to have any of their own? The wisdom of such persons is so great that it is a pity it should all go to waste for the lack of children of their own who might be made such paragons of perfection by it.

I used to have some wonderfully fine theories of my own regarding the rearing of children. But this was before my babies were sent to me. I used to "just wish that I had the rearing of certain children." I'd bring them up very differently from the manner in which they were being brought up. I'd show some of the poor, ignorant parents by whom I was surrounded what nice, well-behaved children were like. I hoped that children might some day be sent to me that through them I might demonstrate the correctness of my theories and confer a favor on the world by introducing to it some phenomenally perfect children.

And now—well, I don't know just how or why it is, but the children who call me father are not the ideally perfect children I thought they would be. It is with some sense of disappointment and chagrin that I make this public acknowledgment of the failure of my theories when put in practice. I think the failure of my theories is partly due to the fact that the unfolding of the juvenile mind and the development of the juvenile will is something no human being can understand until they are revealed to him or to her through the medium of fatherhood or of motherhood. In forecasting the career of my ideal and theoretical children I think I quite overlooked the fact that my children would probably have wills and minds of their own. This was a mistake. My children, not being idiots, are happily endowed with all the powers of mind and will with which the average children of to-day are blessed. This will power is not always, I find, subservient to my own. In fact, my children actually want to do as they please sometimes. The children of my imagination were not to be thus inclined, and so I find that there is a wonderful difference between real and ideal children, and when I hear these untried souls talking about what they would do if they had had children, I smile in the midst of my own defeat and say: "Just wait until you do have children and you will become aware of things you wot not of to day."

Experience is a great teacher and my experience as a father has taught me a real lively rollicking boy or self-willed imperious little miss of four or five summers can completely destroy and set at naught many of one's most beautiful theories regarding the rearing of children. But it is comforting to feel that one-half of one's theories are really to be upset anyhow, and you realize how much more charming children really are as children than they would be if they were little ladies and gentlemen of your imagination. I don't want him to know it, but the very wilfulness and defiance of my authority by the little tow-head of three years now cuddled up in his bed upstairs, is irresistibly funny sometimes—the little rascal.

I have, indeed, seen a few children raised wholly "by rule," or according to a certain "system," and the poor little creatures were about the unhappiest children I ever saw. Some allowance should be made for the natural inclinations of childhood, so let us accord our children the privilege of being natural and childish and happy while they can be so. Care will come soon enough to them all.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Spring Novelties.

Something new, something to wear that is out of the ordinary in color and effect is one of the things that run in the minds of ladies at this season of the year. This feature was certainly brought out at the spring opening of H. S. Morison & Co.'s mantle and dress showrooms on Thursday last, and our reporter who paid a visit to this well appointed establishment is convinced that the crowd of fair visitors who thronged the store must have been delighted with the display of beautiful dress fabrics, trimmings, etc., which occupy the ground floor. Among the more noticeable were a handsome lot of plain dress materials, fancy broche silks to match, in a full range of the new spring shades. Choice designs and tints were also shown in henriettas, de laines and sateens, while light airy fabrics for summer gowns were among the attractions displayed. Mantles have always been a special feature of this well-known firm which has a reputation all over the Dominion for the best that is imported or made up in this indispensible part of a lady's spring attire. The fair sex should have no trouble this season in selecting anything they may require from the splendid assortment of coats, circulars, silk wraps, etc., which were inspected, admired and purchased by the largest number of visitors that ever visited Morison's on any former opening day.

An Unpardonable Offence.

First Messenger Boy—I hear Cully is goin' to be expelled from the Messenger Boys' Labor Union.

Second M. B.—What's he done?

F. M. B.—He was caught runnin'.—*Puck.*

Too Old-Fashioned.

"You can't go into society without clothes."

"Can't eh! When I was a boy, we went into the swim without a darned stitch!"—*Chatter.*

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Births.

MORSE—At Winnipeg, on March 18, Mrs. F. Morton Morse—a son.

MITCHELL—At North Toronto, on March 23, Mrs. Henry Buchan Mitchell—a daughter.

BOND—At Guelph, on March 18, Mrs. John M. Bond—a daughter.

HILLS—At Toronto, on March 24, Mrs. G. H. Hills—a daughter.

HODGINS—At Toronto, on March 17, Mrs. G. Hodgins—a daughter.

FREEMAN—At Palatka, Florida, on March 11, Mrs. G. E. Freeman—a son.

BUTLER—At Deer Park, on March 19, Mrs. E. W. D. Butler—a son.

MONTEITH—At East Toronto, on March 19, Mrs. Frederick W. Monteith—a son.

SMITH—At Toronto, on March 20, Mrs. Charles Smith—a daughter.

COLE—At Toronto, on March 21, Mrs. Walter Cole—a daughter.

Marriages.

MACKECHNIE—CRAWFORD—At Cobourg, on March 18, by Rev. Albert W. Spragge, Charles W. M. Mackechnie of Toronto, to Caroline Hagie, seventh daughter of the late Angus Crawford of Cobourg.

BOWLES—WARD—At Camdon, on March 19, T. Sherlock Bowles to Maggie Ward.

NIXON—FLEMING—At Brampton, on March 19, George Nixon to Mrs. D. R. Fleming.

PERCIVAL—KIRKE—At Georgetown, Demerara, on March 10, Ruby Percival to Henrietta Kirke.

STEARNS—CHRISTIE—At Toronto, on March 25, Rollin H. Stearns of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, to Clara E. Christie.

JARVIS—DAIDY—At Emerald Hill, on February 12, Miles O'Reilly Jarvis to Edith Esther Dandy.

NORMAN—GOUGH—At Toronto, on March 24, Horace Arundel Norman to Florence A. Spooner Gough.

Deaths.

BUCHANAN—At Auchnacloy, Ireland, on February 13, William Buchanan, aged 80 years.

BOYER—At Port Colborne, on March 17, Adolphus Boyer, aged 62 years.

BICKNELL—At Hamilton, on March 21, only child of James and Clara Bicknell, aged 7 weeks.

MACPEAK—At Toronto, on March 25, James H. MacPeak, aged 53 years.

KELLEY—At London, Ont., on March 21, Mrs. J. A. Nelles.

McCALLUM—At Milton, Ont., on March 8, Sarah McCallum, aged 66 years.

MORSE—At Toronto, on March 22, William Mill Morse, aged 42 years.

MORGAN—At Toronto, on March 22, Isabella A. Morgan.

STRUTHERS—At Toronto, on March 24, only daughter of the late Alexander F. Struthers, Glasgow, Scotland, aged 18 months.

KELLY—At Toronto, on March 22, Bridget Kelly, aged 19 years.

WALKER—At Surrey Villa, Toronto, on March 22, Robert Irving Walker, aged 50 years.

TRACEY—At Toronto, on March 20, Mrs. Thomas Tracey.

DRUMMOND—At Cheltenham, on March 20, H. R. Drummond, M.D., aged 29 years.

CATTANACH—At Toronto, on March 29, Alexander John Cattanach, M.A., Q.C., aged 55 years.

WAGNER—On March 20, infant daughter of Charles F. and Jessie B. Wagner, aged 3 days.

SHAVER—At Crown Hill, on March 21, Peter Shaver, aged 80 years.

CROSBY—At Richmond Hill, on March 21, Mrs. Parker Crosby, aged 72 years.

BOOTH—At Toronto, on March 19, Mrs. George S. Booth, aged 50 years.

DALE—At Wiarton, on March 14, Hugh Swale, aged 34 years.

DORRANCE—At Cochrane, Alberta, on March 19, John George Dorrance, aged 22 years.

DALE—At Ottawa, on March 17, Mrs. Arthur Dale.

JUNKIN—At St. Catharines, on March 18, Samuel Smith Junkin, aged 84 years.

LINN—At Lynedock, Ont., on March 17, Alexander Linn.

COURTLANDT—At Barrie, on March 18, George Edward Courtlandt, aged 25 years.

SMYTH—At Toronto, on Mar. h 25, William J. Smyth, aged 54 years.

LAIDLAW—At Govan, Scotland, on March 8, Thomas Laidlaw.

WYE—At Rowland, Man., on March 10, Arthur Nelson Wye, aged 17 years.

KELSO—At Belleville, on March 17, Thomas Kelso, aged 55 years.

MITCHELL—At Toronto, on March 21, Thomas Mitchell.

PEARSON—At Toronto, on March 19, Mrs. Elletson Pearson, aged 45 years.

SPILLER—At Toronto, on March 20, Elizabeth Spiller, aged 72 years.

THOMSON—At Quebec, on March 15, Mrs. John C. Thomson.

WRAY—At Toronto, on March 18, Rebecca Wray.

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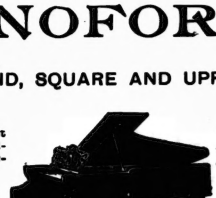

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Newspaper Euphemism.

Little Boy—This paper speaks of a young lady who has an attractive face. Does that mean pretty?

Pape—What young lady is the paper talking about?

"It's about an heiress."

"It means she isn't quite homely enough to stop a clock."

The Last Resort

Whelan—Sure this is a divil av a counthry to live in; they do be talkin' now about gettin' thim Chinee bastes to sweep the strreets!

Phelan—Begob, thot's awful! If this thing kapes on there'll be sorra a purfession left for Irishmen excipt pollytics!—*Puck.*